The Coming Downfall of the Netherlands
The Nation of Gullible Fools

Mohammed Rasul (1990)

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1 – FOREWORD BY THE TRANSLATOR

On December 16, 1992 the Pakistani cabaret artist Zoka F. was ordered to pay a sum of 2000 guilders. The Dutch judge ruled that it had been proven that his book, 'De ondergang van Nederland', published under the pseudonym 'Mohammed Rasoel' was a racist pamphlet written with the sole purpose of inciting hatred. This sentence was followed by a massive public display of political correctness with the book being taken from the shelves in most bookstores throughout the Netherlands, and quickly forgotten about.

2 – FOREWORD BY THE AUTHOR

When the political and social circumstances started to turn against him, the Muslim born author fled his Islamic country, after which he traveled for several years before finding refuge in Europe. Because he lived two lives, of which the second one was in the Netherlands, he observed the Dutch and their charming behavior, misplaced optimism, and disorientated urge for responsibility from an angle where they themselves were blind.

The author shows that the Dutch, if they don't adjust their policy regarding Muslims and set a drastically different course, will be repressed by the culture of Islam. In a worst-case scenario, they will have to admit they literally gave their already small country away. The author sheds light on the subject from different sides and clarifies with many examples that a seemingly far-fetched speculation is actually already materializing in the foreseeable future.

Whosoever reads the references to the evolution of mankind, to the argument about various forms of discrimination, and to the naivety of the Dutch, as well as the detailed explanations regarding the mentality of the Muslims, illustrated with quotes from the Koran, "Though if they oppose you, then kill them," shall not only reconsider their own position in society opposed to the Muslims, but also look differently at the reflection in the mirror, this time with the eyes of the author, who possibly, because he basically writes against himself, could be seen as truly objective. As a side note, the author kept his true identity and location confidential, afraid to make the same mistake as author Salman Rushdie.

3 – INTRODUCTION

My knowledge of human behavior and the differences between populations can not only be contributed to twenty years of interest and an equal amount of visited countries, but also because of a monkey I used to have. A companion who taught me that for some things no difficult explanations are required. A comrade who, when placed in front of a mirror, was at first excited to see a fellow monkey, to look behind the mirror to find out where

it was, unable to realize how empty mirrors really are. Though I, when it comes to aforementioned insights and the writing of this book, have the assumed benefit that I'm not a Dutchman, I write strengthened by the knowledge that this book only depicts what many oppressed and silenced Dutchmen think. I must also add that I, as a completely independent person, have no ties to Dutch, Islamic, or any other organization of any kind.

In this book I will give the impression that I generalize continuously, and possibly that I'm convinced of myself being right. The scope of this book is so all encompassing that I, to avoid a monotony of 'besides' and 'according to me', categorized various peoples with a common 'they', without meaning every single one of those people, and expressed frank opinions, without entitling myself to being absolutely right. It may seem awkward that I oppose my own kind; but that's not so strange. After all, when the governments wants to build a railroad straight through Woensdrecht one can expect the village to protest, but it would only be truly objective if the construction company itself would object.

• My early years

I was born from average Muslim parents in an average Muslim nation to live a life and do things unexceptional for a random half-blind person lost in Islam, kicking, screaming, and bullying, just like the other Muslims. I fell on my knees to say prayers which contained words I understood and took part in activities like with the goat, which throat I slit slowly while my parents held her pushed against the ground to stop her from shaking. My sister, at home the only one younger than I, was too small to help and my elder brothers and I knew the principle of dog eats dog. She asked me if she was allowed to go outside, and I asked the next, all the way to the eldest brother who was 25, who in turn asked my father.

When I was around the age of twelve my father bought me a He-Man, an air pressure gun that I had wanted for a long time. I went out to practice and after a tour through the surrounding villages where the other children accompanied me I came back home with a cluster of sparrows, crows, squirrels, and lizards attached to a rope behind my bicycle. My gun was better than the ones of my friends, but not powerful enough to kill wild cats and dogs. You could however make a cat jump high into the air or make a dog yelp, much to the amusement of the neighborhood that watched laughing. Back home I'd get a compliment from my father for my aim, but not quite from my mother, who slapped me around my ears for getting my clothes dirty. She didn't really have to be so difficult, because we had a washing lady, and she didn't get a beating with the stick each day for not washing well.

At school they broke quite a few switches on my knuckles, and at home perhaps even more, until my father found out one day that I had tried to smoke and wanted to punish me so severely he hired someone for the extra beating. But why should I complain? The boy next doors didn't hear me shout from four houses away like I heard him when he was beaten for stealing meat from the pan. I also endured less than the christian who murmured English to himself, which the children found so amusing they threw stones at him wherever he went. He bled continuously, not I. On the other hand he was one of the many exceptions like the crippled, retards, and blind who weren't spared either. The local authorities, tasked to take care of wild dogs, didn't need stones. Equipped with heavy iron grips which looked like an ice wrench the dogcatchers surrounded such a dog. One sneaked up from behind and slammed the grips into its hips with a quick movement. The whining of the dog was amusing, but not surprising, because the dog wondered what it had done wrong to deserve such a fate, and on they went, to where they would end his dog life. Dogs busy heaving intercourse and hence attached to each other, rarely finished the ride; they were taken care of by the men, women, and children of the neighborhood, who found the display so repulsive that they simply bashed in the dogs' skulls with sticks. How much sympathy can a whining dog expect from a people too busy whining themselves?

Once on a Sunday afternoon, if I remember correctly, I was seated on a chair next to my little sister and my mother, surrounded by three hundred people who were seated as well, and they all cried. A child, his mother's only, died in a car accident, witnessed by even more crying people in thirty other movie theatres in the city. Meanwhile the intercity was about to depart and there was no shortage of tears either; the entire train station cried. Not unimaginable, loved ones were about to leave, sometimes for as long as three months. Certainly, trains were riding, like there were roads and cars, and I was ten years when I learned to ride my bicycle, gained speed on a slope, lost control over the handle bars and hit a pedestrian, upon which both of us fell. It must have been the sight of my blood that made him stop already after two punches, and that was nothing compared to the collisions, which caused less broken bones than the arguments between drivers. The only accidents with severe consequences were the frontal collisions between busses on the small, dusty roads, where both drivers were headstrong and refused to move to the side first. With one of the busses that managed to reach their destination arrived a nephew who stayed over for the duration of the holiday. He had occult powers, he said, and sometimes his body was possessed and he went nuts and started to squirm.

Only after a couple of days it got to that point, and we saw him chew on spikes and bleed. A week later our sister was endangered by the same spirit who preferred to posses her soul instead, so he said, and he asked us to pray and guard all doors while he guarded her. That night he tried to sleep with

her, which was the end of his holiday. My holiday once ended abrupt as well, and almost forever. When I walked through an alley one day with my shoes on without noticing that it was a mosque a big hand grabbed me by my collar and before I realized what was going on thirty men were holding me tight under a tree, waiting for one of them to return with a rope to hang me. I was fortunate that a rich friend passed by, and warned them to let me go; otherwise he would send the police to torch their homes. And that's how another day passed by.

After surviving this, almost passing out from the heat, I visited a holy place where people came to feed a holy crocodile and doing so gained redemption for their sins. I would have arrived a day earlier but a policeman arrested me for possession of an illegal document; a roadmap of the country. Anyway, each man placed a piece of meat in the crocodile's mouth which the guard held open. I found out there were once two crocodiles. Mostly the crocodile wasn't hungry, so the meat had to be shoved passed its throat with a stick. That's why the second one was missing. A dead crocodile naturally was more unusual than all the mules, dogs, cats, and occasionally a baby that were decaying in the slums. But always fresh and on guard was our ability to lie. At school, at home, or on the street. Everywhere the lie was the basis of our daily lives. If we were asked for directions, our name, what kind of work our father did, how we paid for something, if we came with the bus, if we were hungry, even if a doctor asked where it hurt; on each question you came up with a fitting lie. Not only because lying had become a second nature, but because we often had started to believe in our own lies without realizing that we lied, but also our fear to lose prestige. We depleted our family members quickly because we used their deaths as an excuse for being late. But afterwards the dead family members praised us for our ingenuity when it came to lying.

The only time they did not appreciate our lies was when the results of the school exam had to be discussed, and the bad grades promised many hard hands, shoes, and sticks. For those cases alternative methods existed, like the one my brother used; he bribed his way through five school years without passing a single time. Oh well, bribery and being smart were one and the same, since only a fool wouldn't bribe a police officer if he could avoid prison time for some spare change. Rich people didn't get into these situations because a police officer who made the mistake of fining a rich person for something like speeding had the following options: fall on his knees and apologize, lose his job, or his nose. The people who didn't have to be rich to enjoy a general boost of status were the European tourists, who because of their good faith formed an easy target. It was our trick to approach them and warn them not to trust anyone and to watch their luggage carefully. This way we automatically earned some extra trust, and at the first opportunity: bye bye luggage. But those were all pranks; the big hits were arranged by the police force itself. Their method existed of placing hashish

in the luggage of the tourists, if it was a couple that is, and then arrest the male and lock him up until the woman freed him by being cooperative with the inspector, in the usual fashion.

Among the tourists also belonged the hippies, who toured the middle east during the sixties. They took along new words and a new way of thinking, "Peace", "Flower Power', "Love", "Good Vibrations", "Ban the Bomb", "Make Love not War", "You don't have to fight to be a man", etc. We had never heard of that before. And though it remained at hollow words during those days, they helped me realize there was a whole other world outside of the scary world in which I had always lived. In those days before I left my country in search of a more meaningful world not only I, but also my father, started to lose high placed friends, because I had made the mistake to hang out with the bicycle repairman, the shoemaker, who due to their poverty belonged to a lower class. The time to depart had arrived.

• From nation to nation

After leaving my family, friends, and possessions behind I crossed the first border filled with hope, to the neighboring country, to once there meet people who were hardly different from where I came from, that is, when it comes to religion and mentality. And so it continued, to my disappointment, one country after another, until I started to wonder if this was everything there was. Out of curiosity of the outside world I had traveled over the road, which meant staying for the night in hundreds of villages and the most remarkable experiences.

The trip took long, a year had already passed and there was still no trace of the promised land. With a glance at the compass I kept a north western coarse and arrived at the first European border, the one of Greece, to once again be disappointed, the meeting of a kind of people whose sense of humor seemed to range between cursing and running over luggage. From there I traveled criss-cross through Europe, without too much satisfaction of what I saw. "You must go to Amsterdam," they said, especially in Istanbul, and one day I found myself standing there.

It was the only city that didn't want to see me gone, even though I was frightful and kept myself hidden from the police, until I found out that they were too busy looking good and showing the way to the national museum to be bothered by illegal aliens. The following months I managed to get settled in the Netherlands and make friends, and thanks to the illegal help of the embassy I knew I could enter and leave the country without problems. Hence, driven by the desire to know even more of the world I started a new journey, which would last several years, interrupted by visits to Amsterdam, and to eventually end up back in the Netherlands.

• The collision

My travel through time, a trip of five centuries, ended except for the Netherlands also in confusion. Keep in mind it is easy not to get confused when you're too stupid to see the difference. I had no idea there was a people like the Dutch. They were peaceful and quiet, polite and friendly, and in conflicts they admitted their mistakes. "Sorry, my mistake," they said, even when I was the one who did something wrong. If they had a difference of opinion they just said so, or it went like: "Oh no, come one, get real", while practically they agreed completely; and if they got upset their eyes went up and down with their gesturing hands. At other moments they criticize themselves "I'm an idiot", without seeing that as a lack of self-respect, pride, or manliness.

They spoke quietly and actually listened, making me imagine myself in wonderland. But besides those wonders the transition also brought pain. Like a fish on the beach who no longer belongs in the water but wasn't yet ready to walk the land, I started to feel dumb and got pissed off constantly, while incident after incident followed me and confronted me with the mirror asking me who I really was. Had I entered the U.S. the transition would have been easier to grasp. The Dutch way of living was something completely beyond me. Especially the calm behavior of the people had an irritating impact. Violence of voices and gestures was the only form of communication they knew and now they expected of me that I would restrain, and conform to the Dutch manners.

Within several weeks of my final arrival in the Netherlands I met a Dutch girl, who despite the intense cold of the winter, must have melted at the sight of my benumbed condition and asked me to stay over. "A roof above my head, free sex, and a license to stay", my advisors told me to search for; all that I had now found. Seated at the heater I told her interesting stories and she reacted like, "Ah yes", and, "I see", which made me furious and led to endless quarrels. I, who had never heard of such dullness, thought she sounded insulting, and she couldn't quite understand that. Other conflicts happened because of her refusal to do things out of principle, which was entirely unfamiliar to me. Her honesty was just as limitless as my distrust towards her, and if she had to visit a male medical practitioner I would go along and not leave her out of my sight while she was with him.

I accused her constantly that she lied, because I couldn't imagine the opposite, so there we were, she with her deep rooted feeling, and I with mine, so superficial and egocentric that it didn't take long before she got a nervous breakdown, right in front of my unseeing eyes. She endlessly tried to teach me things, change me, and patiently waited, in the trust and the hope

that I would one day treat her the way she treated me. Till her faith one day became exhausted and she barely managed to get herself back up, but lacked the energy to kick me out, so she kicked herself out.

4 – INTRODUCTION TO THE GULLIBLE FOOLS

If there were no Scandinavians, of who I don't know a whole lot, then without a single trace of doubt in my voice I would call the Dutch the nicest, most honorable, civilized, honest, objective, and outspoken people of the world, while my opinion about their social system, police, jurisdiction, education, etcetera, is equally high. I'm sometimes still surprised about the way of life in the Netherlands and the behavior of the Dutch, even though they form a rich source of entertainment and happiness in my daily life. But when someone doesn't agree with me or doesn't understand what I'm talking about it's either a moron or exactly one of those Dutchmen, while in other countries in their most ideal dreams people wish they could reach the same thing as here, or at least almost the same, because also the Dutch are not perfect.

How can a people be so advanced in their thought while being so naive at the same time? Or the other way around: how can people as smart as the drug lords of Colombia or the master minds of the mob and yet be dumb enough to ignore the lives they wreck? The answer is easy: we only develop our brains in those areas where we train them. The story of the Dutch is simply the story of a people who lived so long in a neatly arranged society, and developed its kindness so far that it not only forgot what a mess looks like, but never developed the intelligence to keep itself clean: the Dutch don't see the mess around them and hence do not see a good reason to protect themselves against it.

Despite my loftiest opinion of the Dutch I disagree with the line, "There is good and bad in everyone", that Paul McCartney and Steve Wonder sang together in the song 'Ebony and Ivory', even though I wonder why nobody sings after it, "How much?" After all everyone is everything; everyone is homosexual, sadistic, racist, anti-social, aggressive, suicidal, etcetera. The question is to what extent. But that seems irrelevant for the Dutch. As far as they're concerned evil is evil. And because the statistics show that among the Dutch occasionally someone loses his self control, a child stole some candy, a woman hit the table with her fist, a police officer pretended not to see his son j-walking, that means that they are just as short fused, thieving, aggressive, and corrupt as any other people.

And when it concerns money: The Dutch love money, so why would they be different from for example the Americans, for whom the first question is someone's wage when being introduced, and who spend half their life

looking for another job that pays fifty dollar more, while they can't understand how the Dutch enjoy doing their jobs. So how exactly are the Dutch different from other people? Besides, the proof is crystal clear: On Sunday after going to the church the Dutch shoot sparrows with air pressure guns, speak loudly, as if they are having an arguments, occasionally pausing to spit; if they lose with sports, they blame the referee, declare a day of national mourning and close their stores, while the prime minister speaks of a 'disaster'; they bully old people and throw stones at people in wheel chairs, while loading their enormous families into busses at the end of the afternoon, with curtains in front of the windows to hide their women from lustful glances to drive to a restaurant where they eat the raw brains from the skull of a tied down monkey, who they put to sleep with a firm knock on the head, right?

So far I fortunately was never infected with this self-pessimism of the Dutch, but the little bit of optimism I had was totally shattered when I discovered the highest authority in the field of optimism were the same self-pessimistic Dutch, with the possible exception of the Ostrich, of course. Pleasant, nice, friendly, excellent, wonderful, classy, delightful, lovely are their magic words that can turn all evil into good and can straighten out everything that is bent. The weather man would never say that there'll be dog weather tomorrow, while Bob Marley fans have been singing for the past twenty years that, "everything is gonna be alright", without realizing that, if that was true, they would no longer have to sing it.

• Cyclops chasing a dream

Considering the support for great institutes like the Pieter Baan Centre where the mental health of criminals is observed, and despite the many unemployed psychologists and social workers, the latest fashion in the Netherlands is psychology. About the only thing that goes on is the constant digging into the backgrounds searching for the justifications, which comes in handy, because all the freely floating intelligence has to be used for something. And that's how the Dutch fail to see, totally absorbed by the ever-increasing number of situations, that there doesn't have to be a difficult explanation for everything. If a dog compulsively barks that could be because he's locked up too often, but about his instinct to chase cats nobody has to wonder. If a Dutch boy grows up without problems and all of a sudden starts stealing or becomes aggressive, then it would make sense to find the reason for the deviation from his normal behavior.

But when I am aggressive, that is my normal reaction. For me controlled behavior would be a deviation from the normal pattern. In short, some people do something purely driven because of circumstances, while others do so because of their nature. Some people go nuts, others are already nuts.

A worm living on top of the Himalaya didn't climb there. Still people like Cevjet, the Turk who killed six Dutchman in a bar in Delft, simply because they told him that a Dutch passport didn't make him a Dutchman (which he proved that day), end up in the Pieter Baan Centre, where he is observed for a sum of 30,000 dollars, raised by the people who were his victims, and their ever increasing sense of justice. Floating high on the wings of good intentions driven by a disoriented instinct for justification the Dutch see the world from a twisted angle: they make the mistake to judge people from other countries by directly placing themselves in their shoes.

This is a typical Dutch method, on which a Dutch friend of mine, who recently returned from India, doesn't form an exception. He told me with a lowered voice that he was often hit on by homosexuals. "Yeah right", I thought to myself, and explained to him that it was because of his white skin, which already partially transformed him into a white woman in their vision, in that sexually very frustrating society. Which leads us back to our monkey, who hadn't seen a female in eternity. Little monkey pulled himself free and jumped on top of the big monkey, regardless of its sex (He actually humped the other's back). A Dutchman if present would not only have labeled the monkey a homosexual, but also a backosexual. Not to talk about the cases where people screw mules, horses, dogs, and chickens, just because they have no alternative, or at least, not a whole lot more than those who walk hand in hand.

In my own street, in a comparable situation to the last one, a Moroccan woman who recently gave birth to a child all alone at home was surrounded by Dutch women from the neighborhood who were all sorry for her. "What a horrible experience that must have been", they said, placing themselves in her situation, without realizing how normal something like that in third world nations is. That's how guest workers, who used to live in groups and given their living conditions thought themselves as rich as kings, were forced to believe by their social workers that they were actually not happy, because the Dutch in mutual circumstances wouldn't be happy. Scientists discovered that some animals do not see like humans, but in infrared.

It's time the Dutch realize that other people don't look at this world with the same eyes. Or, more to the point, it's time the Dutch realize that all the bloody political incidents, the civil wars, the border disputes in the Middle East, the far East, or elsewhere, that continuously make the news, could rather directly spill forth from an aggressive nature, without there being a difficult explanation for this. And that when a pro-Iranian Hezbollah movement or any other kind of extremist Muslim group forms a fanatic army, while shouting, "Allah Akbar", any kind of reasonable policy or ideology is out of the question, but that we're simply dealing with a bunch of idiots, psychopaths, and imbeciles who do whatever they please. Of course the Dutch pigeon doesn't see everything in a twisted way. The Dutch do

realize that in Bangladesh the people don't build houses from bamboo because they are tree huggers, and that the population of Ethiopia isn't on a hunger strike.

• Beware of discrimination

No matter from what nation a fresh immigrant comes to the Netherlands, he will spend years figuring out the Dutch, unless he spends a couple of euro to buy the Dutch constitution which is available in most bookstores, and from which he can get some basic knowledge about them, including their sense of humor. He opens it, full of suspense and expectations, and wham! There it is, the first paragraph of the first chapter, what else could this be about? "Everyone who finds himself inside the Netherlands will in equal situations be treated equally. Discrimination because of religion, philosophy of life, political inclination, race, sex, or on any other grounds, is not allowed." The jewel of this statement is the words 'or on any other grounds.'

We'll get back to this later on. Meanwhile the only topic that has been babbled about has been discrimination, a word specifically used as the password of the Club of Good People while the paranoia it creates outside of that club is ignored. "It's only bread I have in my hand", is what I said to the suspicious and hissing swan, who behaved the same way as the Dutch when it comes to discrimination. This behavior is also comparable to the reactions to AIDS: when the disease became publicity for the first time about everything, kissing, giving hands, toilets, was labeled as contagious. Or take the recent disaster due to some clumsy research regarding incest, where the cuddling of one's children was labeled as sexual, and children were totally confused by the people who were supposed to protect them. There's no doubt that the history of discrimination is horrible and shouldn't be forgotten.

But somewhere in the campaign against it, with endless TV series about slaves in America, Jews in the second world war, South Africa, the Ku Klux Klan, etc, the Dutch lost track, short-circuited their brains, until they melted the various separate occurrences into one gigantic monster. Meanwhile they failed to see, intentionally or not, the word was used by either side like a gun against the head. Every Dutchman with whom I discussed this subject reacted according a set pattern, first the denial of their emotions, then, when I kept pressing, they started to loosen up, till the words and the anger flowed out of their mouths, like the lid was removed from all their stored annoyance. Others, who openly talk about discrimination, try to blame everything on skin color, as if they want to divert the attention from the real issue at hand. Skin color and discrimination have become, as it seems, the best buddies lately: they go hand in hand, day and night, from breakfast till bedtime, and woe to whoever that tries to separate them. I, personally,

believe that the two have no legitimate relationship nor belong together. A black crow is shy, a white swan is aggressive, and a zebra is fast, not because of their color but because that's the way they are, with color being a side effect.

And though skin color doesn't matter, whites cover their bodies with sunscreen to get brown, and blacks put some other good on their skin to become white, but eventually, when all the empty plastic bottles went up in smoke and the rain fell down again, we all become yellow with black and white spots. All the nonsense, babble, and drama... And then to realize that nobody thought about there being more sides to the word "discrimination."

- **Direct discrimination:** A ship got stuck at the pole. A helicopter comes to the rescue with warm meals for the whites and bread for the blacks.

- **Indirect discrimination:** Whoever calls American people nice, calls at least one people not nice.

- **Subjective discrimination:** An old Dutch woman is afraid of foreigners, and avoids them.

- **Objective discrimination:** A Dutch moviemaker wants native Dutch actors for his Dutch movie - he doesn't want Moroccans.

- **Counter discrimination:** A Turk who only rents rooms to Dutchmen.

- **Reversed discrimination:** A Dutchman who isn't allowed in a bar for dark skinned people.

- **Inversed discrimination:** Foreigners who are treated better and get more opportunities than the native Dutch.

I'll leave the various forms of discrimination for what they are, because the state prefers to keep the privilege to unite them into one big thick bat. One wrong word ('Moroccans live dirty') and the TV, left wing organizations, the police, the ministers, not to forget a group of recent graduates, freshly brainwashed students who want to use what they learned in practice, will be banging on your door. "What did you say? Come with us, you'll be put to justice." Once inside the courtroom, "You'll be made an example and we'll show the world how good we are here in the Netherlands," says the judge with a deep voice. "Pardon your Honor", interrupts the lawyer, "You just said 'How good we are here in the Netherlands', and according to the code of law, article 2 sub 2, regarding indirect discrimination, you hence state that the rest of the world is evil."

A month later the judge is trialed. Meanwhile other situations fall into the blind angle of the eyes of the judge: while the government is making a big issue out of the employment of foreigners and makes proposals to force Dutch employers to hire them, foreign employers only hire their own people, and nobody notices a thing. And speaking of work, a certain Venloo, head member of the socialistic party, thinks at least ten of the eleven seats should go to foreigners, something other parties rejected because it shouldn't be about heritage but personal qualities.

As a starter Venloo's proposal is indirect counter discrimination, and it also gives the impression that the other parties' word 'qualities' indicates that foreign solicitants would be of low quality and that's not what I said. What I did say is: why aren't there a proportional number of Islamic women, with or without a bikini, on the Dutch beach? And now the opening line of the constitution 'or on whatever ground'. Someone from the ministry of justice will have to do some prison time because of discrimination based on physical grounds, since the Dutch police don't hire solicitants smaller than 1.70 meters.

Regardless, we can conclude that the word 'discrimination' plays an important role in our society and serves a useful purpose. Because how could a man with a dark skin who's being trialed for selling drugs, better defend himself than by screaming, "Discrimination. They're after me because I'm black!" Of the various kinds of discrimination the objective one is probably the most important and precarious, because we're forced daily to submit to it.

Like we concluded, due to the death of a three years old, that a pit-bull terrier is more dangerous than the average lap dog, and because of that, on the grounds of objective discrimination, there is a law that obliges the owners of pit bulls to have their dog wear a muzzle, and not just the owners of pit bulls who bit once before, or all dog owners. Because that's the way the facts are. The choice is between acknowledging and denying the facts. If you choose for the latter, autistics could take seats in the government, and stutter at 911.

Discrimination of the wrong party is certainly wrong, but not more wrong than a wrong understanding of the meaning of the word, and not more wrong than the blatant accusation of others of wrong discrimination when that isn't the case. The word discrimination should be rebalanced and reevaluated, and it should perhaps be determined what forms of discrimination aren't entirely wrong. Imagine all the contact advertisements in the papers, where people ask for hair color, length, temperament, schooling, intelligent, eye color... Eye color? That one sounds familiar.

• Are the Dutch arid?

The first thing an immigrant who isn't blind can see without buying a brochure is how arid the Dutch really are, not that the Dutch (or I) deny this. After all you need to get lucky to see a Dutch men laugh or cry, or to see them excited or angry. Tell them a joke and half ways they'll mention, "I already know that one", tell them an interesting story and you'll hear, "ah ah", tell them something sad and they'll come up with "it happens". The voice remains at one frequency without variance. Over the phone it's difficult to hear if someone is seventeen or seventy. They walk and work at their leisure, "take it easy", they think. Still there's a notable difference between one who is awake and one who sleeps.

Already at birth they look like living dolls; their eyes move from the left to the right, and sometimes, when the battery is full, their neck as well, but otherwise they lie motionless and get nervous from their own heartbeat. It wouldn't be fair to show only this side of the Dutch and invoke the impression that they're just 'arid', because invisible from under the arid surface they're certainly 'juicy', if I may be so free to call it that. But to understand the difference between juicy and arid thoroughly we need to move our thoughts to the distant past, when a delicious new world with glow lamps, machines, trains, theatres, and silk clothes was evolving. Entire families sat at the heather listening to the radio, entire days of an enormously exciting life.

The world, that is, the West, cooled down since then, and the birthday of your son isn't a party until the stereo has a built-in CD player and color television. But the same law of the reduced added value, which goes for the lifecycle of the individual, is also clearly applicable to the Dutch people as a whole. This however isn't without reservations, since it's also a matter of attitude that is wrongly seen for aridness. Because when a child falls and the parents do not jump up in panic to help it get back up, then that's only because they think that the child should learn to become independent, and not because they do not give a damn. But what do I mean with 'juicy'? When a Dutchman from Utrecht meets another man from Utrecht in Amsterdam, and they ask, "Hello, are you from Utrecht as well?", "Wow! Awesome!" They offer each other a drink in amazement and excitement, next head back to Utrecht and introduce their family and distant relatives to each other. Exclaiming, "What a coincidence! This must be celebrated!" would that be 'juicy'?

And what if I tell a joke about someone who had a problem with reading because he held the book upside down and they all roll over the floor laughing, would that make them 'juicy'? The explanation is that the Dutch are that much more advanced compared to the rest of the world that it would take a proportional force to make them lose their balance. And when it

comes to a sense of humor: behind those neutral faces lies a sense of humor that exceeds the one of the English and Americans, which may seem dumb, because they make those funny movies, but making a movie isn't the same as living in one. Wherever you go the Dutch can't stop making jokes. No matter if you are at the post office, or at the police station, in the tax office, or in a shop or just somewhere on the street, everyone seems addicted to humor. And that humor is not only far above the heads of other westerners who don't get it, but also a thin layer of varnish, because even if you try hard to insult them or call them names, they'll remain friendly and laugh in amusement. The aridness of the Dutch in their daily lives is the price they pay for a very conscientious way of life, because someone can't be very conscientious and spontaneous at the same time, because one thing goes at the expense of the other. Some think it's better to be spontaneous, and be a little less arid than the Dutch, and perhaps they are right, but it's the aridness of the Dutch that makes them so harmless. If the rest of the world weren't so hyper, reactive, emotional, spontaneous, shortly put 'juicy', then all those wars wouldn't be there.

• Ole, we are the Champions

The first impression of a Dutchman is that of Atlas carrying the weight of the world. At the second one that opinion doesn't change. At the third one it seems the Dutch are set on proving something with their good deeds, regardless of the consequences and perhaps regardless of the one at the receiving end of the good deeds. "What did you say there, do you use phosphate-free soap? Oh, that's nothing, I'm doing animal protection. What? Your mother works for Greenpeace? That's child play, my mother works for the Association of refugee aid and my brother is against acid rain, my father protests against the bomb, our entire family opposes discrimination and we have two pitch black kids living in the barn, who we took back from our holiday in Africa, even though we really wanted three of them, can't you see how great we are. And yes, almost forgot, we also voted for the green party."

The Indians paint their faces, Africans put rings around their neck and into their lips, some people wear jewelry to show their status, and the Dutch put their conscience on display. What are the Dutch up to? Travel to Israel, yell how friendly their Moroccan friends are, send six kids to America with a television crew, attend Malaysian dance shows, fly to Sri Lanke and return with an adopted child (I'm talking about women who have problems getting pregnant) regardless of the confusion that child is exposed to later on in it's life and regardless of the fact that the money spent on the child in the Netherlands could be used to raise twenty of them back home. The big question is to what degree the good intentions of the Dutch are for the world, and to what degree for their own conscience and ego. And that might explain why nobody gives a damn about what the Dutch nation is going through

currently, nobody gets a compliment when doing something for a fellow Dutchman as long as they see one of their eyebrows rising in the mirror, signaling that they won every medal the Olympic Games of Good Will had to offer.

The Dutch ridicule themselves more and more with this behavior, especially when we see the relationships between these good intentions. Greenpeace makes a case for the whale, using a large inflatable fish, and uses thousands of plastic cups and plates. Next the environment movement drops by for their statement and brings a couple of persons to justice. Next Amnesty takes action and frees a couple of people from their imprisonment while a pop star wearing a classy fur coat sings about the apartheid in South Africa. Then Greenpeace returns to talk about the coat, and yet another organization accuses Greenpeace of setting up the massacre of baby seals, just so they could film it. Meanwhile Animal manners shows how prisoners can keep birds in their cell, and how a circus puts up an act with white tigers, so the animal protection agency has something to protest against. Elsewhere Sting gives a concert for the rain woods, wearing make-up made from the same whale Greenpeace tries to save, while 50,000 Sting fans empty beer and cola cans that will eventually end up in the rainforest.

At that instance a train leaves Amsterdam for Arnhem, out of protest against acid rain everyone on board, including high ranked civil servants, wear a small branch, so at least one tree couldn't have benefited from the protest. Meanwhile, the record industries produce black plastic, and the songs etched into them are all about peace on earth, which spread and disturb it even further. Slipped in between are the housewives, cycling back from the shopping mall, chatting about the recycling of products, the bags on their bicycles loaded with even more trash which, if they hadn't used it, wouldn't need to be recycled either. A little further, on the podium of the Idea bus, it is decided that the environmentally friendliest idea will get the prize, and everyone applauds life on TV, from behind large glasses of wine. Now the anti-alcohol lobby has something to say, cigarettes in their hands. Oh well, as long as it keeps the people occupied.

5 – THE MUSLIMS IN THE SPOT LIGHT

Thief knows thief, cop knows cop, junkie knows junkie, and Muslim knows Muslim. The Dutch however, who never learned to know themselves, prefer to get to know the Muslim, and do not do a very good job at it.

• Deceitful appearance

The Dutch meet Muslims on cultural gatherings, on markets, and parties. They see sparkling, shy eyes and a sincere shining smile and think: how nice, how sociable, how lively these people are. And when they look at themselves in comparison, they see what they lack, but fascinated and captivated they move like insects to the source of unusual light. In the expectation that what shines there is gold, they don't see that the nice looking people are often the biggest monsters and that men like Ceausescu or Hussein beam as strongly at their parties as anyone else. Or did the Dutch think that unfriendly people are beasts with dangerous, unshaven faces and clothing drenched in blood, groaning and growling, "murder, murder"?

Well, the people that didn't utter that word directly, existed the day before from the same nice people, simply because the true nature of a man isn't shown until he is put to the test. The gentleman Ganuka, who's been living in the Netherlands for twenty-two years, seemed very nice and definitely not aggressive until a comedic TV show tried to place a public toilet outside his Israeli restaurant (July 1, 1990, Tros). However, when a Muslim does something right, or something not wrong whenever that is expected, the Dutch yell, "I told you they're all right!" And when they meet my mother, the sweetest and frailest old women they've ever seen, they couldn't image that she's the one my stories are about, and how aggressive she is on the inside. The Dutch can't get to know the Muslim, no matter how hard they try, because the Muslim won't let himself be known. It's like that time the television showed how a cop used his bat to beat into a group of villagers to make way for a parked motorcyclist of the Paris-Dakar tour.

When his superiors warned him that the camera was running he suddenly stood still and looked friendly, with a beaming smile. Besides, the Dutch have the impression of Muslims as friendly, welcoming people, something the Muslims won't deny. But even here you can speak of deceit. Because when family A arrives around dinner time and family B jumps up and offers for everyone to join in the dinner, this doesn't show family B's hospitality, but primarily that they lack the courage and honesty to admit that they have just enough goathead soup for themselves, in which already didn't float enough eyes for everyone. Or family B can feel forced to take the offer, because family A would be so insulted they would never visit them again. It's an insincere custom, which I saw on my travels throughout the Islamic world, all the way to the United States.

And regarding friendliness in Islamic nations: of course Muslims will be superficially friendly toward Western tourists, not out of good intentions, but because it's interesting and exciting to have an original white man inside your house, to brag about to the neighbors. But you only have to make one mistake, like it happened to me several times in Turkey when I stopped

playing harmonica for the driver who had been so kind to give me a lift, and you can get lost. Still the Dutch TV reporters from all over the world come back with picture after picture of smiles, and kilos of set up images with which they misguide the already naive fools even more.

• Variable contents

It can be interesting to see in what ways the Islamic culture differs from the Dutch one, but it can be dangerous not to see that seemingly mutual morals and habits differ vastly in intention and effect. In the Netherlands the important and rich people often walk around in the cheapest clothing, in which they step into their Audi of half a ton, or depending on the weather, on their crunching old bicycles. If they wear a suit, then only because of their work or because they find it pleasant to do so. In Islamic nations however, where one wears a suit to feel superior toward others, nobody with any kind of status would ever want to be found on a bicycle.

The, "Thank you", "Sorry", "Sorry", "Thank you", which easily comes from the Dutch mouth, upon which he looks you straight in the face, would be seen as self-humiliation in Islamic nations, besides being a hollow statement. Dutch bus stops, and other public localities sound like burial processions, that is, not at all, and neither do their restaurants, where the Dutch quietly converse and are served by other Dutchmen who regard them as humans and treat them accordingly, with a certain kind of eye contact and a very natural friendliness. Entirely different is the situation in Islamic nations, where the customers try hard to restrain themselves for the duration of the dinner, while being served by waiters who radiate a purely physical performance, but in reality are incapable of seeing and respecting their customer as a human being.

Finally: a conversation with a Dutchman is never complete without a dozen whys. The question why is offensive in Islamic nations and can lead to trouble. Given the great many differences under the superficial resemblances, I only named a fraction of them, combined with the ease at which Muslims lie and the confusion created by Dutch researchers pumping all sorts of, for Muslims, entirely unimaginable questions into their ears, followed by the pulling of the answers from their mouths that they desire to hear, it shouldn't be hard to imagine how many misunderstandings about Muslims continue to exist. I on the other hand walk in and out of their Mosques, sit among them in their clubs as their 'comrade' and hear them tell how depraved the Dutch are and how easy it is to fool them, not to mention the dangerous things they say without knowing what I think.

• Do you know the Koran?

The voice of the Koran seems to awaken more and more curiosity in the Dutch, and once in a while a woman submits to Islam leaving a nation behind wondering what it is the Koran has to offer, that an intelligent woman discards her religion and picks another, while the question if she can ever convert back again isn't worth television time. I don't mean this in a bad way, but I think it's a certain type of people that joins the Baghwan or the Hare Krishna, longs to be locked up in a Scientology church, eats the last poisoned dinner with pastor Jones, or becomes a Muslim. How else would they feel special and belong to a specific group? Besides, don't we live in a time where all miracles of the days of old have become cold calculations and scientific fact, and is it pointless to tell a girl you'll pick her a star; she knows it's much too big for that.

Still questions remain unanswered, like, "What exists outside the universe?", "When did time begin?", and, "Why do we exist?" So you search in books, under your bed, behind the TV, in the fridge, in your father's pocket, but nowhere the answer can be found, and the longer you search the more disoriented you become. You're seeking desperately for an answer, whatever that may be. Your own religion is so boring and besides you were born with it so does it really interest you? Then appears the only light that dissolves the darkness, the only thing that can fill your inner void - the Koran. Suddenly you're happy again, your life changes, as well as your clothes, your hair, your friends, your parties. Everything changes; you've become a new person. You're surrounded by enthusiastic juicy Muslim friends who wish you well because you're in their midst and try out all sort of exciting games, like the Ramadan, praying five times a day, and saying farewell to the arid Dutch life.

If we truly want to understand Muslims, we must have a look at the Koran. And while I learned the book by heart, assisted with whiplashes, I've been reading it lately to refresh my memory, and pondering if Muslims abuse the Koran, or the other way around, or both. The following citations are from the translation by J.H. Kramers and can give the Dutch a global impression of the convictions and mental baggage of their fellow citizen.

Sura 2, 191: 'Fight them not at the Inviolable Place of Worship, as long as they don't fight you there. Though if they attack you, then slay them.'

Sura 5, 38: 'And the thief, male or female, you shall cut off their hands as pay-back for their crime, and to serve as an example of punishment from Allah.' If the Muslims in the Netherlands are so devoted to their religion, they will also have to accept the punishments of that Allah.

Sura 24, 2: 'The adulteress and the adulterer, whip each of them a hundred lashes.'

Sura 24, 31: 'And tell the believing women, that they subdue their eyes and maintain their chastity. They shall not reveal any parts of their bodies, except that which is necessary. They shall not strike their feet when they walk in order to shake and reveal certain details of their bodies.'
(To subdue your eyes applies to men as well.)

Sura 24, 4: 'Those who accuse married women of adultery, then fail to produce four witnesses, you shall whip them eighty lashes...'

Sura 4, 15: 'Those of your women, not maintaining their chastity, you must have four witnesses from among you against her. If they bear witness, then keep her in the houses, until death pays her debt or Allah shows a way for her.'

Before comparing the Koran with the Bible, it should be noted that with the Bible I do not mean the old testament, which isn't less ridiculous than the Koran, but the new testament (N.T.). And while the Koran and Bible have the same purpose, spreading a religion, the difference between them is striking. While Christianity (N.T.) spreads it with friendship and love, without force, asks to pray for the unbeliever and to help them with their conversion or otherwise forgive them, etc., Islam is hard, biding, punitive and aggressive. Or, with one word: primitive, because it hasn't changed one bit in fourteen centuries.

Such a difference inevitably results in collisions and even without that there's a clear social conflict between what the Dutch and the Muslims are allowed to. Islam forbids letting dogs inside your house, entering a house where a dog lives, or shaking the hand of someone who touched a dog. This makes social relationships and friendships between the Dutch and Muslims highly impractical, especially when the Muslims aren't allowed to eat on the same table with Dutchmen who eat delicious sandwiches with pork ass. Next there's the clothing issue, which goes deeper than one would assume from the surface. A punker paints his hair, a hippy puts flowers in it, a soldier keeps it short, and those frequenting discos cover it with gel. Everyone does as he pleases, Muslim women on the other hand abide to the 'hizjab' and cover their head, not because they want to or because of their clothing style, but because uncovering their head makes them impure, dirty, and repulsive. Their 'hizjab' is a gesture, a manifesto, that contains a judgment about the Dutch women, who they approach with a polite smile that is less innocent than it seems.

This opinion, which Islamic women carry with them from under their 'hizjab' has been poured into them from childhood, because all Muslim women find

all white women - simply put - repulsive. The white women walk in public with their legs and shoulders visible, go to bars and sit among men, drink alcohol, and have sex before marriage. A Turkish guy once summarized it openly on national TV when he called Dutch women whores, and was seconded by an Islamic girl who declared openly on TV (February 24, 1987, IKON) that she'd never marry a Dutch guy. This results in an interesting one sided situation, where the Dutch give all their love and only get contempt in return, then what are all these Muslims doing in the Netherlands? It can't be so that Allah agrees that such a halal (pure) Muslim civilization lives on such a haram (impure) soil. Back to the content of the Bible and Koran. Some people claim the Bible also contains reprehensible scriptures, or that the Koran has good sides as well. In the Bible that I read (N.T.) there must be pages missing with the instruction to whip and mutilate, or scriptures with a mutual intention.

And regarding the good side of the Koran, the lawyer of Ferdy E. said nothing about the family members of Albert Heijn that Ferdy did not kidnap, and Khomeini couldn't say either: 'Hey, why is everybody after me? How many writers are there that I did not sentence to death?' The good side of the Koran doesn't neutralize its bad side. So where does Fred Leemhuis get the courage to fill half a page on the newspaper Telegraaf and later on an entire TV screen, mostly with a grin and the rest with a Koran in his hand, proudly declaring that the Koran is 'extremely tolerant', to sleep peacefully the next night in the knowledge that he deceived the readers and audience? After this thorough introduction to the Koran we can answer the question if Muslims abuse the Koran, or if there is a mutual relationship between the two of them. Claiming that the Koran is innocent to the behavior of Muslims, or that Muslims abuse the Koran, both abusively justifies the other party. In reality the two strengthen each other.

But the word abuse is incorrect, because both Koran and Muslims manage to use each other very well, and belong to each other. It's the soft New Testament the Muslims wouldn't like, and the Koran would reject the Dutch at first sight. The reciprocal relationship between Muslims and Koran doesn't mean the Muslims would be helpless or harmless without the Koran. Who milks a snake's poison doesn't milk the aggression after all. And when the Americans showed their concern about the visit of Rafsanjani to Russia, a visit on top of Gorbatsjov's already growing concern about fifteen million Muslims in his country, everyone spoke, including Europe, about the fundamentalism of Islam. No word about the fundamentalism of the Muslims. As if the Muslims are all without a will obeying to the comments of a thundering voice from the heavens. Take a gun away from an enraged man, and instead he'll grab a stick or stone.

Islam is not just a firearm; the enraged man is the fundamentalist Muslim himself. But in our world with its complex political constructs there is no

place for such a logical way of reasoning. And now another idiot startles the planet by annexing its neighboring country, while entrenched in a fortress of human sandbags, the western optimists think the man's resignation will solve the entire case. And that while the same fundamentalist Muslims, who cheer on our so-called dictator with millions, are very well capable of pulling the exact same coin from their ear. If not in Iraq then somewhere else, and if not with mustard gas, then with atom bombs.

• Cleaning diapers

No matter how nice and spontaneous the Muslims may be, they're not the only ones. Also Dutch children, that is till around the age of twelve, display spontaneity, not that spontaneity isn't the same as being childlike; both come forth from the lack of self-criticism and thoughtfulness. Understand children as children, and much of their apparent incomprehensible behavior - such as seeking attention, crying for futilities, and the tendency to dislike everything becomes clear. Such behavior became obvious and widely displayed when it came to a book that was so important; the behavior of a child whose toy was taken away.

It certainly explains all the tears shed in movie theatres and on train platforms. Children are also quick to anger and fight for straps. No wonder that the Islamic nations are continuously at war, and that their leaders cannot hold peace negotiations as adults. Movies, drama, and ego trips have a childlike relationship to each other. Children like to imitate TV programs, and they find themselves incredibly important and interesting. The Muslims ventured out onto the Dutch streets exactly like they were used to in their own countries, inspired by all the movies they had ever seen and fascinated by their own moustache and manly behavior. And drama is certainly not something patented by children. Recently, on the TV, an orangutan taken care off by a European woman started to hit its own head and jump up and down, because the women tried to pry away his milk bottle.

When I think of the adults of every nation where I've been, I find that their behavior and intelligence can be globally compared to that of a 14 years old Dutchman. And the ego, which is probably the most deadly weapon mankind possesses, and the more a nation turns inward, the less their line of vision reaches outward and takes others into consideration, the more evil it will do.

• Evolution

Regardless if the subject is about children or war, the environment, sex, or heart attacks, if I want to go into more detail, I often find myself referring to

the evolution of human civilization. The Muslims are no exception to this, but so are people in general. In the stages a child goes through until it reaches adulthood, form an equal evolution like process as the development of ape to man. But not every child develops at the same pace and doesn't continue for the same length of time, so why would the different peoples on this planet? There are even examples of people, like the Biami's who only recently made contact to the outside world, who now still live like in the stone age - and not because they don't know how to modernize, but because they don't know better.

Maybe it's simply a matter of an evolutionary gap, though in this context I'd like to add that the evolution I refer to only spans a cultural development, the developing of social behavior and mentality; it seems as unlikely and illogical to me that two peoples would go through the exact same development as two fingers having the exact same print, or that two frames of two leaves would be alike. Moreover, a higher level of development doesn't have to be a blessing, as proven by our, as good as ruined, planet. It seems we never should have crawled out of our caverns. But less development means matter of fact more touchiness, more impulsivity, more aggression, basically: more of the characteristics we started out with as apes.

• Thresholds and limitations

Although the ape-man, the lower civilized and the higher civilized all are emotional creatures, the distinction is mainly a matter of thresholds and barriers; thresholds above which they decided to respond and the limitations they apply to their actions. However, both these factors as well as the conscious and the control exercised upon it are directly related to the degree of development of the people. It's this realization, or the lack thereof, leading to almost anything being a reason for a fist fight in third world nations, and because of which the Dutch are almost impossible to offend. In the first place they do not take action, like an old lighter with a worn out fire stone that doesn't spark, and secondly their sense of limitations almost always prevents them from reacting too strongly or going too far.

It happens that a Dutch girl wants to kiss but doesn't want you to touch her body, goes with you but doesn't want to pull off her clothes. It can even go as far that she wants to lie naked together yet doesn't want to have intercourse. Or, in a more common situation, a Dutch girl would want to pose as a model in her underwear but would never prostitute herself. A girl in Morocco kisses to have sex, or not at all, and if she's stupid enough to pose in her underwear, she might as well become a prostitute because her family would never believe her and cut all ties. Girls from Amsterdam have long learned not to smile to Muslim guys, because they take that as a wink, and then bother them until they say 'lesbian' and walk away. The stairway of

evolution upon which a people stands depends on where her boundaries lie. The more two peoples differ when it comes to that location the sooner conflicts will arise. The difference between the Dutch and the Muslim is as extreme as it gets. Certain things you can mention in the Netherlands would already lead to conflicts in other Western nations.

When the Dutch point at their forehead and call each other stupid and nuts they see this as an opinion, not as an insult. But it should be strongly discouraged to try this in another nation. A collision occurs at the moment that a Dutchman who expects words in return for his words, or swearing in return for his swearing, suddenly is beaten up without realizing that, for the other person, this is completely normal, and without realizing the other person has no brakes. This situation frequently occurs with car accidents. For the Dutch it's the norm to stay calm in these situations, A Moroccan, Turk, Negro, or another foreigner starts to scream and becomes aggressive after a collision, and I've witnessed that they tried to stop a Dutchman with physical force from calling the police. What people mix up is the nature and extent of an action: the question that matters isn't if an action is enthusiastic or not, aggressive or not, but to what extent. If not the extent but the nature of an action would be of importance, like some people think, then the trade in coffee, an addictive substance, should be dealt with as severely as smuggling cocaine.

Certainly, the Dutch are human as well and thus capable of laughter and aggression. The question remains at what point they decide to take actions, and how far they decide to go with their actions. Shall they just think of a curse, or also utter it silently? Shall they call it out loud or draw a knife? Everyone can be taken to the point where he is willing to commit murder. A Dutchman who comes home seeing a guy in the act of strangling his wife and grabs a knife to stab that man shall likely not be declared insane or be sentenced to jail. But he would be crazy if he shoots a man who kisses his wife in a bar, or shoots the man from the laundry for not properly cleaning his towels. Since I'm talking about borders: I should not forget to advise the ministry of defense to add suicide pills to the standard equipment of each soldier, just in case they ever run into an enemy combatant.

Another way to look at thresholds and limitations could be an answer to the argument that not all Muslims constantly shoot people in bars and that not every Turk goes as far as pumping lead into his sister because she doesn't marry the man who her parents promised her to. If we consider sensibility and insanity as a measuring cup with a scale of one to ten, and we assume that position nine is the point where someone has lose hands and position ten is the point where someone becomes insane enough to kill, than it's logical that someone who's normal behavior is closer to ten, lets say eight, reaches ten a lot easier than someone who's normal behavior lies at two. If both of them move two degrees, one would be at the ceiling (crazy enough to

murder), while the other would rise from two to four. Warm water is a lot easier to get to the boiling point than cold water. This same insanity scale can be applied to the average behavior of a nation. The average of the Dutch people is probably 2, that of Scandinavians 1, and the Iranian average is a fat 9 and that in most Muslim nations probably 8. This doesn't mean that there are no easy going decent Muslims. Of course there are, maybe they're even more decent than the Dutch, but a people existing of a handful of sensible people among fanatics is for that reason not the same as a people that only has a handful of fanatics.

One explosion during a football game won't make the Dutch as a people terrorists, and one fist-fight in a disco doesn't make the Dutch equal to the South American Indian tribe where they beat and kick each other to death during their yearly ceremony and are even proud of it. But it can be worse: if an inquiry in America or Asia would ask about the reason why a man in a fight with an opponent wouldn't kill, then most likely 99% would mention the threat of a prison sentence as the motive, and not the unwillingness to kill a fellow human being. And not like the results among Muslims in the Netherlands would be less drastic.

• Salmanic Versdie

Meanwhile Rushdie is touring through Europe. His CD 'Satanic Tunes' overshadowed the sales of his book. His next concert is in the Stopera, where minister Hirsch Ballin and Miss Torture are in the front row eating nuts. Rushdie enters the stage in his bulletproof suit and people applaud. Rafsan and Gaddafi, who are disguised as monks slipped in, and brought a couple of gram of their stash of Semtex, which happens to be big enough to last for the next 150 years. First there's a fight, almost a war, about who of the two gets to throw it. The Semtex lands on the stage and Rushdie's leg goes off, flying through the air, over the heads of the audience. Gaddafi stands there grinning. There's a Dutch nurse in the room and she has morphine at hand, and Rushdie is screaming in pain. "No, I won't give you an injection, cause that hurts, and besides, morphine isn't good for you, it's against my principles", she says. Meanwhile the police arrive and Gaddafi and Rafsanjani are arrested. Hirsch Balling commands, "Let them go, we must be tolerant to others, otherwise we can't expect tolerance from them."

We should be thankful to Rushdie for provoking the Muslims enough to show their true colors. Without this incident the iceberg would have kept growing unnoticed and resulted in a much bigger collision later on. Now the collision leads to a discussion about how shocked the West was about the protests, and by Khomeini's dangerous threats, though people should really talk about how dangerously shocked the West was by Khomeini's threats. Who touches a defective coffee machine can get one of two shocks: 1) the

electric shock, 2) the shock of the unexpected. Who knowingly touches a bared wire can only get 1) the electric shock. The biggest threat lies in the shock that the West got from Khomeini's threats. Whoever lets himself be surprised in a game of chess loses.

The West should have seen this coming. Because from a shock you can recover, but ignorance and the surprise factor means a permanent danger. Regarding the collision between Islam and the freedom of speech, Muslims have as much a right to protect their religion or even be aggressive, as the white man has to protect his freedom of speech or his imperturbability. But either set of rights can be in effect for either party in their own nation. That's why a Dutchman can't demand that the Satanic Verses is sold in Turkey or Morocco, like a Muslim can't expect to uphold the sharia in the Netherlands. Muslims would deserve our praise if they returned to their own country to scream their lungs out of their body. Talking about screaming, a small amount of the 5,000 Muslims, gathered in The Hague, screaming "Die Rushdie", equals proportionally about 150,000 protesting Dutchmen. We're talking about one protest, and only the people who actually showed up to protest, so not the ones who weren't allowed out of their house or weren't allowed to protest. The protestors didn't protest out of principle, or even out of anger, but from pure aggression.

Aggression for the sake of aggression alone. And let nobody say that Nostradamus didn't warn us. It must have been political pressure or a bag of gold that got Rushdie to sort of apologize to all the Muslims he insulted. It seems hard to imagine he really meant it. And lady Thatcher also admitted that the book was offensive, whatever that may mean. A Dutch boy giving his girlfriend a nice long kiss on the street during the accidental passing of a Muslim woman and her children gives offense doing so, and should apologize afterwards. Being offended is sometimes purely a form of aggression. And if aggression chooses to take shape in that form, so be it. But this at the cost of itself. However it may be, lava flows out of the entire world, and when Rushdie cooled down, the lava flowed to a pornographic magazine in China and a moment later over the sole of a Bata-shoe in Bangladesh. As long as the heat remains in the earth volcanoes will continue to erupt. Like being offended can be a form of aggression, fundamentalism can be a form of stupidity and narrow-mindedness.

This explains why the people in the middle ages were such fundamentalists, and also why so many religions in the US are fundamentalistic, and not in the Netherlands. No matter if it's a marriage, clothing, a company, a family, a school or a court - fundamentalism will always find fresh soil. So let's not cover up the pure fanaticism and stupidity of the Muslims with nice words like fundamentalism as long as they continue to chase Rushdie. Some people undoubtedly truly believe that Rushdie provoked the Muslims, or that it's in the common interest not to provoke them any further. But firstly it's not a

provocation when someone in his own nation enjoys his own freedoms and ways of life; and secondly we should, if provoking is wrong, forbid the banks from having money or forbid people from having stereo installations build into their car, because that provokes thieves. The head scarf issue I'm not touching here. The question is if Rushdie is a psychiatrist or accidentally hit the bull's eye, but he deserves credit as a social worker. The Muslims should be thanking Rushdie for being such a nice target, and give him a job to practice his discharge therapy. Without him all that heat would have remained inside, simmering and bubbling inside their bodies.

Maybe Rushdie should have named his book 'The Volcanic Verses'. Hence one man insulted a billion people over the entire world. Also my mother asked me how he could have written such a book, even though she, just like all the others, never saw or read the book. It's of course not Rushdie who insulted the Muslims, but the Muslims themselves. And regarding the price on Rushdie's head: the West wastes its time demanding of Iran to revoke their bounty. Bounty or no bounty: Rushdie is a dead man. Because all the Muslim aggression combined may one day kill Rushdie. But all Rushdies together will never kill the Muslim aggression. To get back to the surprise factor: Whether it's about the philanthropic concert organized by George Harrison for the victims of the flooding in Bangladesh, where the money was snatched away by the rich, or for striking down a democratic movement in China, again and again people will be the victim of the surprise factor.

They don't see the events unfolding and they don't learn from their mistakes. It's already stupid that two judges resting in peace are accompanied by a senator; that a bullet penetrating a window changes course and goes through the wrong head; that two highways must form a sandwich of smashed cars, before preventive measures are being taken. And even more stupid is, given the available computers and information, that an incident of one kind can't be used to stop the incident of another kind, but only the repetition of the same incident. That won't say that the accident of Chernobyl could prevent the affair with Rushdie, and the disaster with the Boeing in Lockerby could with the oil disaster in Alaska.

6 – AN EXCELLENT RELATIONSHIP

In the preceding text I might have given the impression that I believe the Muslims should never have come to the Netherlands. Quite the contrary: I compliment them with what they achieved so far. And why wouldn't they be here and take the maximum advantage out of the goodwill of the Dutch, if that's exactly what's expected of them, and are even encouraged to do so?

• Blunder Experts

The big blunder, as now is commonly acknowledged, was only committed fairly recently, when anyone could enter the country because the Dutch didn't feel for doing the dirty work. Now they're facing even dirtier work, which they leave for others as well. This blunder was even bigger because preceding it there was no thorough investigation to their habits, their religion, or their mentality. And it didn't go like this either: "Dear chamber men, what do you think: it will only increase the circulation of our papers, our television will have something to babble about, our lazy police gets some real work at last, and our writers and publishers will feel what they never felt: fear, and we'll get a guaranteed supply of problems for the first coming two hundred years. So come on, guys, raise your hand if you're for it."

And that's where one hundred fifty hands went into the air. More dangerous than mistakes of judgment are mistakes of mentality, because they keep being repeated. Someone who accidentally commits a crime is much more easily put back on a straight course than someone with a criminal personality. The wrong mentality of the Dutch was obvious many years ago, when a Pakistani, who had worked for years in a heavily guarded nuclear factory, fooled the entire staff with his innocent face and with help of his embassy exported all the resources like uranium and pounds of secret documents to Pakistan, allowing Pakistan to create nuclear weapons. The Dutch vulnerability doesn't lie in the danger of a rocket from Karachni flying to Amsterdam, because Bombay and Delhi are more obvious targets (thanks to the Netherlands), but in the naivety of its people, the ease with which they can be fooled, the ease with which you can earn their trust.

And all that added to the fact that a foreigner should never have been allowed to work in a secret factory. It's funny by the way that during the time of this incident - and I recall that Canada made strong objections against the Netherlands - I thought that the Dutch government could have never been so sloppy. My conclusion was that the government knew of the existence of this Pakistani and allowed him to continue to buy resources, which she loved to sell, and the smuggling of false, deliberately given documents. When it comes to that I overestimated the Dutch. Still the presence of Muslims in the Netherlands isn't without a use. Naturally the average Dutchman has seen, drank, and done everything before he reaches twenty-four, so he has nothing interesting to look forward to. And since cats and dogs don't make great scapegoats, the Dutch needed foreigners, or even refugees, to say, "Oh my, oh my", "Aww, poor thing", besides being a nice toy: they giggle, they blush, they're rude, and if you're lucky you can even get a slap around your ears, very unusual and quite refreshing all in all.

• Visit the argument-waterfalls

Now that the Muslims are here, obviously, there's a torrent of reasons for their presence. Though I must admit that I am quite sure of the fact that there are a lot more Muslims in the Netherlands than arguments. Like everyone knows the first argument to explain the arosen problems is that Muslims in the Netherlands are discriminated against and aren't being accepted into the society. Myself, also a dark skinned Muslim, have during all the years that I've been in the Netherlands, never experienced discrimination, except from foreigners. The worst that happens to me is that a woman puts her wallet away or that a guard in the store keeps an eye on me, which I can respect, because their distrust, in the last instance, can be blamed on the stealing habits of my own kind.

Regarding being accepted: I have met a thousand Dutchmen and have dozens of Dutch friends, and never was I given the feeling that I wasn't welcome or was ignored. To the contrary: I'm often annoyed that I'm treated extra politely. The truth is that only those who create a situation where they are being rejected, who patronize themselves and become inaccessible, feel discriminated against. For really it is the Muslims who reject the Dutch, and their complaints about being discriminated against is only a diversion that comes in handy. "But the discrimination and mutual social problems are only a matter of adjustment", argue the sociologists. They explain to us that the Muslims, children as well as grown ups, have difficulties transferring from their culture to the Dutch culture, and that they, as long as they are busy with that (many years by now), demand nothing except being tolerated.

That probably holds more, and an older, truth than the sociologists researched. Maybe the Muslims had adjustment issues in their own nation, where they fought continuously, were aggressive, even before their arrival in the Netherlands. Maybe they've been trying for centuries, but because the sun sets in the west, or because of the lack of an East pole, they never succeeded. If the adjustment argument held any ground, the Dutch who immigrated to Canada and Australia would become aggressive, hard to educate, commit crimes, etcetera. "But our problems, are after all, the price we pay for living together, and isn't living together a matter of giving and taking?" ask the Dutch. But that isn't the case in this situation. If there really were a society of Syrians and one of Dutchmen, both in Tokyo, it would be logical if both would go to the same length to accommodate to each other.

But the Muslims happen to be in the Netherlands, the motherland of the Dutch, their home, and necessary accommodations would have to come entirely from the side of the Muslims, without any obligations for the Dutch. I can't move into someone's house and redecorate it, paint the television pink before breaking it, smoke cigars, throw out the cat, and expect him to accept it. Besides, if the Dutch would only adjust to a foreign nationality for 10%

they would be torn apart. "Yes, but the Netherlands had colonies, and that isn't fair either", some will mention. Firstly, we can't say "Listen, you killed my family, so now I'll kill yours", in other words, one wrong doesn't justify another wrong. Secondly, it must be acknowledged that the Americans in the Philippines, the English in India, the Dutch in Indonesia, all of them, despite the often despicable treatment of the local population, helped to build up these nations, constructed railroads, founded schools and industries and even help maintain their culture by protecting historical monuments and buildings from the locals that used them as toilets.

And when the time was there, and their presence was no longer appreciated, they left, though perhaps a little later and in a less friendly manner than it should have been. Once they were gone, all that was history. But the presence of the Muslims in the West is another story. "You're sowing unnecessary panic. A mutual situation as the one of the Muslims in the Netherlands existed in the 17th century, and back then the immigrants managed to adjust themselves as well. That immigration wave the Dutch survived," I hear some think. That's all true, except for the word mutual. Unlike three hundred years ago, the immigrants today are Muslims, and that's where the main difference lies, not including other important elements such as oil, military expansion, long distance missiles, time bombs, political pressure, biological warfare, Andree van Es, computers, fax machines, etc, that at the time didn't play a part. And besides, are the Chinese, who came long ago and adjusted by staying half underground, or the Moluks who only want to live among their own kind, Dutch examples of integration? To me it seems short sighted to expect that something that worked out all right in the past will also work out well in the future.

Because if that was the case stuntmen would be invulnerable. Next there's the argument that Muslims aren't a couple of spread out living families, but an entire civilization. That also wouldn't have been such a problem if that civilization had existed of Scandinavians for example. "Alright, alright, but there are only a handful of fundamentalist Muslims on about 14 million Dutchmen", some optimists bring up against this. I strongly doubt if it's just a handful. A handful of non-fundamentalists seems more likely. But regardless of that matter, a handful is often more than enough. It only takes one loud voice to stir a group of calm people, one thief and all shops take precautions, one anti-social family and an entire street loses it's charm, one east European metal turtle and hundreds of car drivers become endangered, one escaped murderer and an entire city lives in fear, and finally: one potential hijacker and a million passengers will be body searched for years. And even then: if I'm planning to harm a hundred people and none of those hundred has plans like that with me, who is in danger?

"Okay, maybe you're right, but you can't say it's the fault of the Muslims that they are the way they are", believe many. That's correct, but are the Dutch to

blame? Exactly because the answer to that is no, there are organizations in the Netherlands and England like the A.A. where partners of alcoholics are welcome and are taught to save themselves without feelings of guilt, because it's not their fault. But if the Dutch want to take the blame for everything, they might as well release every prisoner, since it's not for the full 100% their fault that they broke a law. "Don't worry, be happy, for we are the angels with the thousand cheeks, and no matter how often you hit us, we'll time after time turn you the other cheek," is what the Dutchman thinks. This attitude isn't wrong, and it's true that revenge doesn't pay off, and even when you turn someone the other cheek, the other will only feel guilty, hence punishing himself. The Dutch are making the mistake that this principle, since it worked on them, also works on others. They forget that some people never feel guilty nor see the error in their ways, because they lack the mental capabilities for that. You can't place your cat next to a mean dog, let it almost be torn apart and come back later with your cat in the hope that the dog learned from its mistakes.

• Conditions for change

It's perhaps a brutal or ridiculous thought that in the current situation the best solution is that the Muslims change. But changes, regardless if they're genetic, astronomical, or ecological, only occur under certain conditions. This includes the Muslims, who in order to change must qualify for certain conditions considering intellect, character, will, capability, circumstances and time.

Intellect: in order to adjust to the Dutch way of living the Muslims must be able to understand what the Dutch are talking about. In all honesty, the Muslims don't have the slightest idea what a Dutchman really is, how open minded he is, how insane or free, maybe they don't even understand that the Netherlands isn't an Islamic nation. Themselves, and their Islam, they don't understand one bit either. And if Jan Beerenhout, advisor of Islamic issues of Amsterdam, and sometimes of the government, tries to talk in a reasonable manner with Islamic leaders about adjustments of their religion to the Dutch situation, then he'll not only accomplish that they in a collective effort demand in an official partition that he resigns, which they didn't succeed in, but he'll also discover that they do not understand him, not out of unwillingness, but impotence. They felt the same impotence to understand things when Neil Armstrong planted his five times lighter foot on the moon, so they convinced the people around them that it was simple studio work.

Character: in order to change someone must have a flexible personality. Fundamentalism is the direct opposite of this flexibility. And even then: in order to put water in a jerry can of gasoline you have to take out the gasoline first.

Will: the Muslims are not only proud of the aggression they develop toward Rushdie; they are convinced of their own character. The Islamic schools symbolize a signature under a statement that they don't want to change.

Capability: even if someone tries hard to change, this doesn't mean that he will actually succeed. You can't teach a cat to fetch sticks.

Circumstances: if there, it's been said before, were only a few Islamic families spread out over the Netherlands and in a classroom of Dutch children had only been one Islamic child, then the change would have been inevitable. Had there been three, they would have stuck together and change wouldn't have happened naturally. But on schools where the majority of the children are Islamic, change is close to impossible.

Time: even if all conditions would be met, change is still a long evolutionary process.

"And what about you, sir Rasoen, or whatever your name is, you yourself are the counter argument against what you say, because you yourself show that Muslims can change." That thought must have risen for some. I think it was plain dumb luck that I had the required ingredients inside me, next to the determination, required to let the changing process of several generations take place in one human life, and I believe sincerely that the average Muslim can't bridge that gap.

The Muslims themselves will of course disagree. As far as they're concerned they're Dutch the moment they have a Dutch passport. Other foreigners think you first have to get drunk, watch Andre van Duin and learn how to say 'chot-verdoma' (god damn me) and 'eutkereng' (welfare) to deserve that title. I disagree with both of them, because that's not what it's about. It's the mentality and norm system. This means for example that when I want a Dutch girlfriend, it doesn't matter if she's pitch black, born in an American rainforest, raised by gorillas, kidnapped by Tarzan and later adopted by the seventh wife of Gaddafi, as long as she has the typical mentality of the Dutch. And incidentally it so happens that this mentality can only be found in people from the Netherlands. And when, in a reversed case, a daughter of full Dutch descent is raised by Italians in the US, giving her a mentality that is entirely different from the Dutch one, then I don't consider her Dutch. So the question isn't if Muslims can do a certain type of work, but how they will behave, regardless if it's with the police, taxes, or inside a hospital.

The question is not what they look like, but if they treat people with the same original Dutch friendliness. Will they behave like machos in the neighborhood watch? Will they be corruptible as policemen? Will they verbally abuse the patience they nurse? Will they honk nervously in a jam? Will they behave autocratically toward their employees? Will they be as

tolerant as the Dutch or whine continuously, protest, and start a lawsuit? All in all, will they behave in a Dutch manner or keep their own mentality? All these questions are kicking in open doors. The truth is that not the English, nor the American, nor the Surinamers, nor the Mollusk or anyone else, but only the Dutch have the Dutch mentality, and the only way to gain this is not to be born in the Netherlands, but be raised as a real Dutchman in a Dutch environment. And this brings us back to evolution: which goes steadily and not with jumps, including the Muslims in the Netherlands and the underdeveloped nations, as long as they don't reach the level of the West.

If we for example examine a nation like Pakistan and view the evolution of human behavior as a grayscale, this means that miss Bhutto is certainly a step forward and a lighter grey, but how much lighter? She likely thinks less religiously than her predecessor, less dark, but how much less? And the Eastern European nations made progress too, but how much? And does this suddenly make them as freethinking as the West? One step toward the West isn't a step into the West, and one shade less black doesn't say a thing about all the shades of grey that have yet to be passed before white is reached. Once again the answer to the question if Pakistan has been westernized is: no. And when 46 Islamic nations united in the ICO didn't take over Khomeini's call to kill Rushdie, not publicly that is, this didn't mean that there all of a sudden ruled a European spirit. Even if some Muslims aren't fundamentalists and against terrorism or the killing of hostages, this doesn't mean they're not one step away from being fanatic enough to think so.

The question isn't if you are for or against Hezbollah, or if you support the PLO or El-Fattah or their rivals: how are you from the inside, it doesn't matter in what way you let that show, or even how you think yourself that you are. If you are aggressive that's exactly what you are. I've even had the opportunity to witness a demonstration against Khomeini, where a Muslim woman at the head of the crowd screamed "Khomeini is dead!" The words were different, but the sound of her voice and the expression, the aggression in her eyes, might as well have screamed "kill Rushdie!"

• Integration: a saddening fairy tale

The hippies with whom I sat on the streets of Kabul while that was still allowed, had their good and bad sides, just like those in every other movement. But the most daring stunt of their ideology of free love, without a steady partner, no matter how sensible in theory and well meant, didn't work in practice. It hurts when your girlfriend lies right in front of your nose in bed with someone else. Human nature isn't a matter of right or wrong, but one of fantasy and reality. The Dutch are pretty much the successors of the hypes with their learned by heart Technicolor-fairy tales about the supposed integration. They challenge the fundamental laws of nature, where millions

of different kinds of plants and animals lived together in harmony for millions of years with each other, and where only the Dutch are needed, with the thought to mix them to realize the unavoidable consequences. In violation with nature's laws is the Canadian Toronto, possibly the best example of a multi-racial society, which is almost entirely composed of immigrants.

But strangely enough the people there not only look scared and suspicious, but they also lack any form of contact, any friendliness, as if nobody knows what to expect of the other. The nationalities, as unmixable as water and oil, live in there own little area, sometimes with their own traffic signs, like little nations in a bigger nation, but no way they'll integrate. The most remarkable acquisitions of the Canadian society is to be read black and white on the advertisements of lawyers pinned down in most of the public buildings, even in supermarkets, which they frequent as well. Posters where they invite the public to use their services for any kind of social inconvenience. Driving schools support the lawyers by teaching their cursists to, in the case of an accident, never admit their mistake, but always try to accuse the other party right away. The lawyers advertise themselves rich, in the realization that they couldn't have picked a better nation with their profession. A nation where everyone gets into each other's face.

Besides several lawsuits directly broadcasted in the TV show People's Court, where people can sue each other because a dog pooped in their garden or a child laughed at them, I experienced a couple of these incidents in person. I once walked on a hot summer day, the temperature having risen to somewhere around 40 degrees Celsius, bare footed out of the swimming pool into the center of the air-conditioned shopping mall. The guard didn't leave to get a rope, but said I was only allowed to enter wearing shoes. When I asked why I was told that the director was afraid that a customer would step into a sharp stone or a thumbtack and sue the mall. Another time I returned to a shop where I forgot a bag. Before I took it with me I had to sign a paper stating that I had picked it up, because otherwise I might sue them for theft. This was, by the way, the same shop where I was put against the wall to pose for two pictures for the archive. Bravo, Canada! How can it be that, like in Toronto, an integrated society cannot be accomplished? Well, it's no miracle. After all, when we cry because someone died, it's mostly a brother, sister, or parent.

And when a Dutchman in Malaysia is hung for drugs possession this doesn't make it into the newspaper in Tanzania. Why not? Because the people there do not feel connected to a stranger like they do with their own people. Every nation, including the Dutch one, if you like it or not, has somewhere the feeling that they form one big family (kind seeks kind), since that's how man works. The opposite is the case in Toronto which now occurs in a village in Gelderland, which I'll keep anonymous for its own good, where people don't

seek their own kind because they already have each other and managed to isolate themselves from the neighboring villages. During my stay of a week in this village, where I wasn't unwelcome, I was in an atmosphere so cozy that I had rarely experienced it since I knew the meaning of that word. And while this village held roughly twenty thousand people, I had never experienced so many people calling each other by their name, who took a walk at night in their own traditional clothing, laughing and with so much pleasure among each other that it seemed they formed one big family. And indeed: I found out they only married among each other.

But the best proof of the atmosphere of trust that was present there was that the goods of the stores that closed during the afternoon remained outside unguarded, and that while some shops stood out of sight in twisty alleys. When my week was over and I left again, I knew that I had been among people who knew where they stood and where they were. It's the identity loss (which this village didn't suffer from) added to the conflicts that arise between different types of people, which sows diversion in a nation. A nation like the one where Rushdie was born, is split in two because of the differences between Muslims and Hindus, and then in three parts thanks to the Pakistani's and Bengali's, and likely Kashmir and other chunks will follow on that list, where the Romanian Transylvania, Lithuania, the Canadian Quebec, and the Soviet-republic Georgia, and many other areas are, and will be added to.

Which proves that the most obvious and effective solution for differences of opinion between two people is: splitting up, a natural phenomenon that is seconded by the houses in which people everywhere on the world live in separation, by the supporters of Juventus and Liverpool, and by the thousands of divorces each year. If China had been split in two, a progressive and conservative part, then they wouldn't have to lose as many human lives. Because living apart doesn't make people into enemies, but brings them closer together as friends. While at it, if the world has to be integrated no matter what, wouldn't Islamic nations have to join the project and allow at least the same amount of Dutch as a member of the Moroccan and Turkish parliaments? So far the Dutch integration theory and the expectation of her success remained afoot by lack of proof and evidence to the contrary. But with the arrival of a second generation of Muslims who, regarding clothing, habits, and social environment, are still loyal copies of the originals, and with the arrival of forty Islamic schools, there is now the irrefutable proof that the goal to integrate two cultures is a huge failure.

7 – HERE LIES THE NETHERLANDS

• The phenomenon A = B

The phenomenon A = B played through my thoughts in the years that I traveled, till one day it took shape in the form of a couple of chickens. This happened when I was staying with a Dutch family in a village nearby Amersfoort. Among their property were five chickens that quietly scurried about and minded their own business. One day the family bought a sixth chicken and let her lose among the others. All those once peace loving, harmless chickens became so aggressive that they almost pecked the other one to death. Oh the pity we all felt. "Poor thing", we said. Two weeks later when the six chickens had become friends they bought a seventh.

Exactly the same aggressive behavior repeated itself, with one difference: the sixth chicken, which was the victim two weeks ago, now was among the six attackers. To get to the point, what it's all about is that in many things in life it's not about who does what to who, if one party is the same as the other: A = B. It's of course coincidence that a situation on a certain moment is the way it is. It might as well have been the other way around. Further more there are situations where people entirely innocently become the victim where as being in the shoes of the other it would be an entirely different case, but those aren't what this is about.

When ten Iranians or Palestinians respectively attack and murder ten Iraqis or Israelis, then our sympathy goes toward the death, their women and children. In a different situation the dead men and their families could have murdered the other ten people, and then we'd frown down upon the ones who we sympathized with just a moment ago. Isn't it sadly clear that so much of the misery in this world is caused by the people who also become the victim of it? Artists who perform for Nelson Mandela's cause are therefore not better people than soldiers in a war; victims of communistic oppression are therefore not opposing violence, victims of apartheid hence aren't free from racial prejudice, and finally: if a people becomes the victim of one famine after the other, this doesn't mean they aren't fanatics.

The theory might be hard and absurd, but it's reality that is hard and absurd, and not the theory that describes her. The theory that A = B doesn't mean that now all A's are equal to all B's. She for example doesn't state that Dutchmen are equal to Turks, or that every dog is equal to every other. This because the matter is more complicated than that. You have dogs and dogs, dumb and smart, calm and nervous, peaceful and aggressive, etcetera, the same goes for humans. So when an aggressive dog breed attacks a peaceful breed we can't say that A = B, while when we, in the case of an aggressive dog attacking another one of the same kind, we can sympathize with the

bleeding dog, but that doesn't change a thing about the fact that they are of the same kind: A = B.

• Refugees

The way the Dutch treat their refugees shouldn't seem odd to anyone who is familiar with their general behavior, and this includes the amount of clamor that accompanies it. Although, if I take into account the children who die each day of hunger and sickness in the burning sun, slowly evaporating under a swarm of flies, and next the one single siren in their last dream before their heart decides to give up on the battle, the siren of an ambulance that goes straight through all the red traffic lights and flies over the escape lane to save a cat that probably choked on the caviar it got from it's therapist, then I wonder what all the commotion is about. Maybe I shouldn't be wondering, because I know how much noise parrots can make at times. As far as the Dutch are concerned a refugee is a refugee and therefore I, as a refugee, can commit a murder in the Netherlands today, flee to Bangladesh, let myself be declared dead, buy a new passport under a new name, escape as a refugee across the same route to the Netherlands, to once there be treated as a king all over again.

And in course of time, if nobody appears to be keeping an eye on me, I can go on a holiday to my own country, and spend some Dutch currency, which of course I got by registering under several names hence receiving welfare more than once. (The Dutch embassy in Sri Lanke has confirmed accusations of the VVD that many Sri Lankian refugees secretly go back on vacation to Sri Lanka. Source: Teletext news of July 8, 1989). The phenomenon A = B pushes us in a painful, but undeniable way with our noses against the fact that those escaping hostile behavior might very well not be innocent or harmless, might very well have left behind women and children or even be capable of the same hostile and even criminal behavior: of all of the above cases are known.

At the same time we have to admit that the situation of East German refugees, who were forcibly separated, is entirely different. We're not speaking of revolutionary writers, poets, or reformers who simply do not belong in their home country either, because their mental capabilities are much further developed. We're talking about a constant stream of masses of people who are unlikely to ever leave, not to mention the saddening fact that in India each day 7,000 babies are born, and in China 2,500 an hour, just to give a few examples. Maybe the Netherlands isn't too small for even more refugees, but there will never be enough space to let good will and nationalism coexist. Here I must remark that the Dutch doesn't seem to understand the difference between good and right. Driving your car all the way from Amsterdam to Tilburg because a shop sells shampoo in glass instead of plastic bottles is well meant, but not right.

If a man would sell all his possessions and take his 20,000 Euros to America to give 20,000 poor Americans each 1 Euro, he would only accomplish that afterwards there would be 20,001 poor people. Hence captain Coops took 87 refugees on board from their lost, still floating boat. He couldn't imagine he said, that people would be so desperate and even willing to risk their lives and even wanted to die just to get away from their living conditions. No, he couldn't imagine that, nor could he imagine how the two of us could get rich by starting a chain of offices for refugee export, even if we have to bribe civil servants back there to write fake warrants against our clients, who we also shoot in their leg to make it look more real, given of course that we manage to compete with the existing offices.

This moment Amsterdam alone houses 8,000 illegal refugees. Who are they? Maybe they're the same people the real refugees escaped from - who gives a damn? After all, having seen so many movies about the resistance hiding people from the nazis, something like that should be tried at least once, and it's exciting too. And 8,000 is nothing. It would really be a start if we freed all the progressives from all the tyrannical nations and let them come to the Netherlands, to later on, when times changes and progressive leaders arise in those nations, save all the conservatives. But the climax of this existing game would be the foundation of the International Refugee Recycling Center (IRRC), which hopefully will serve Dutch refugees as well.

• People = leader, people = nation

Nero, Idi Amin, Gaddafi, Ceausescu or Saddam Hussein - are the names of bad people, evil people, people who committed terrible crimes in their nations. We satisfy ourselves with the thought that they, and they alone, are responsible. Maybe we are in need of someone to place the blame upon, because the blue sky won't do, and our own shoulders seem out of the question. What we do not realize is that in a nation only things can happen that the people to a certain degree set into motion, by minority or majority, dictatorship or democracy. Certainly a leader doesn't always represent the majority, but someone like Ceausescu at least needed the support of a decently sized minority. Someone can only become a leader, or remain one, as long as the people are at his hand and cheer him on, or elect him as their leader, as can be seen in old movie fragments of the most tyrannical leaders.

Someone who finds himself in a vacuum with his ideas can never maintain his position as a leader, let alone acquire it. Ayatollah Khomeini could gain power because the Iranians are fanatics. Nobody can claim that he fell out of grace with his people, for they arrived with millions to mourn for him, and this at the beat of slapping their own head. The same went for Alexander the Great, and still goes for Gaddafi. If a team of Dutch scientists were to travel back in time on a peace mission and pick up a thousand warriors who would have perished because of Genghis Khan, and took them back to the present

and give them houses with central heating, refrigerators, and social security, then this would not only frustrate these warriors in their instinctive urge to fight, but also force them into a suffocating life, much nastier than the fierce death on the battle field. The logic People = Leader goes also for the social system and laws of a nation.

In a nation only that happens what moves a nation. If the people of a nation are cruel, so will be the laws and their leader. The apple doesn't fall far from the tree. And when the lions were sitting in the middle of the Coliseum, one chewing on a hand, and the other on a hip of a prisoner, then the public wasn't upset and grossed out en masse, "Bah, why does Caesar force us to watch such a horrifying thing?" but enjoyed it to the fullest. In the same manner brutal police violence comes forth from the people. After all: till the day someone joins the police force he is the people. It is no wonder that the Dutch police officers are such cuties. The punishment for crimes in Thailand or Malaysia isn't the same as in the Netherlands, because the mentality of the population isn't the same. Hirsch Ballin may try all he wants to enforce by law that the hands of drug addicts are cut off and homosexuals castrated, but he will not succeed.

Why not? Because neither the system, nor the police, nor the population would accept it. The same law would pass in Turkey or Morocco. It's well known that in many nations the death penalty goes for less serious offenses, such as drug possession, political opposition, and sometimes reporting the news - simply because that's the 'barbaric' (in the words of lady Thatcher) mentality of the masses. On that ground we can conclude (moldy expressed) from the messed up juridical system in the United States, that the Americans themselves are messed up, and in the same way the continuous wars between Muslim nations shows the aggressiveness of the Muslims, and not the one of its leaders. And it also explains why on July 15, 1977 thousands of Saudis joined forming a circle dressed in white clothing, to see the head of their princess be chopped off with an Islamic sword - though not with one strike - because she slept with a boy she met in Beirut. By the way, the same could have happened in Jordan, Oman, Yemen, and dozens of other nations, although the government of Iran prefers more fashionable methods, like stoning to death women who are found guilty of adultery (Quom, august 1, 1989). Things like that are a great deal of fun for the people.

• You shall reap what you sow.

Every whole is but the sum of its parts. You can't replace half the parts of a Mercedes with Skoda parts and call the whole a Mercedes. When you let so many strangers into a nation, you change the population of that nation, and eventually the nation itself. As it stands that isn't that bad an idea, because life would be boring if nothing ever changed and we still danced the foxtrot.

But going backward just for the sake of change seems impossible to defend, and the changes go in a backward direction because the people who enter the nation are backward. Besides, people arriving on Schiphol, the Dutch national airport, aren't asked: "Good afternoon, do you have any forbidden objects such as firearms, drugs, a wrong mentality or other contraband? And will you please stand under that machine? We'd like to measure your adrenaline response to 200 questions with which at the same time your way of thinking is measured."

The problem is that there's no effort taken what so ever to separate desired from undesired, rebellious from unrebellious, and dangerous from harmless strangers: everyone can enter. And the phenomenon that A = B isn't taken into account either. "Foreigners, refugees, criminals, terrorists and your families, come on in! The only conditional requirement is that you ask for it." Even if we accept that people are responsible for all the abuse in the world, we still haven't defined the matter at hand clearly enough: the real wrong doer is the mentality of the people.

So now, in large amounts, people come to the Netherlands carrying with them the same mentality that caused so much havoc in their own countries. The mentality spreads through the Dutch society, and eventually the Dutch will make a stand against it. And because life exits of everything we experience between life and death, if what we experience is no longer Dutch, our life will no longer be Dutch either. We should better prepare for the Chinese mentality, responsible for the bloody repression of the democratization movement in 1989, the mentality of the Turks, who torture prisoners (like the movie Midnight Express shows), the mentality of the English, who hunt out of pure joy and wanting to belong to the 'upper classes', the mentality of the Indians who burn widows out of tradition, the mentality of the Vietnamese, who subjected American prisoners of war to the most gruesome torture, and the same mentality of the Americans who in turn yelled full of excitement "Burn him, burn him!" while waiting for the poor Ted Bundy to lower his ass on the 20,000 volt chair. Each single one of them now exists in the Netherlands. The content of the nation has changed, so the nation itself will change along. And concerning the Italian mob, the IRA, and all the other criminals in Europe, the European Union won't even break a sweat finishing that job.

• Destruction of culture

With the change, or maybe we should say the decay, of the nation, its political, juridical system, and of course its culture will change as well. And now we're all smart enough to know that culture means art, music, fashion, dance, kitchen specialties, architecture, etc, which are pretty concrete and hence easy to protect. But there's another form of culture, which attracted the

curiosity of the ministry of WVC and which took mister A. by surprise during my meeting with him in early 1990. That's the kind of culture that cannot be touched, or photographed, or registered, and can't even be pointed out in a clear manner. The 'anthropological' culture, like he named it, is the sum of the sincerity, safety, happiness, and coziness of a nation, with other words, the atmosphere and how people feel and that's what I assume is what we should concentrate on. And on top of that: isn't it the anthropological culture that determines the esteem of the materialistic culture? The Dutch culture after all is Dutch because the Dutch live in the Netherlands and feel Dutch. Hence it's worthless fiction that you could maintain the Dutch culture as the Dutch people changes.

You can't expect of China to take over the Dutch culture, or the Indonesian by Belgium - they would be lifeless replicas. And you can't expect that the Dutch keep cycling, build old-fashioned buildings and keep showing understanding for criminals while the people have changed so much they want Knight Riders, sky scrapers, and the death penalty by hanging. There are people who do not believe in culture. Their disbelief deserves respect. After all the times have changed, and people stopped believing in heroes, loving the father land, military power, respect, the monarchy or culture. And while their opinion is reasonable, do they realize that the culture, which they do not believe in, isn't the culture they should be concerned about? Because if they for example do not believe in brutal police violence, then they must believe in friendly police officers. And if a friendly police force is the direct result of a good culture, then they should either believe in that culture or keep their mouth shut about brutal police violence. The belief in one mixed society where several cultures are protected is the great contradiction of our time.

It's like someone who says she loves seals, which is why she wears many of them around her neck. The world and all the cultures within it are like a painting palette, with on it several beautiful colors of paint, each with their own unique hue. Mix them all up, and you don't only have any color left, it'll be impossible to point out one individual color in the sludge. That's how the EU culture will look in the future. I can see it before me: all the people of the world who look alike - speak the same language... "Where are you from?" "Planet Earth.", "Ah, right!" What a wonderful world it would be! Where would the Dutch go to with their holiday paranoia? Or imagine, somewhere after 1992, a football game between the Netherlands and Germany, where nine players of the Dutch team are German, and the other way around.

With what sort of flag would the supporters wave, whoever they may be? I'll let the cultural threat from foreigners in general be for what it is now and focus on the more specific threat of the Muslims, which is also a political threat, and limits the amount of colors to two. We can mark the Dutch and

Muslims with respectively yellow and red, as to be expected symbolizing "soft" and "hard". A teaspoon of yellow in a pot with red won't harm the red. The other way around the pot with yellow will never be the same: it's a lot easier to make a honest man dishonest, to make a calm person nervous, than the other way around, or to get addicted in bad company than it is to get clean in good company, and finally it's much easier for a hard person to dominate a soft person than the other way around. It's only natural that the Muslim culture will dominate the Dutch culture than the other way around, not because that's the intention or even desirable, but because that's just the way things go.

But beware, for the Dutch believe in culture and are willing to make sacrifices for it. Sacrificing one finger for another finger, nobody will be surprised by that. Sacrificing an entire hand for one finger starts to sound awkward. But the Dutch do not know limitations and basically say "We want to die for a finger", where they forget that if they die, the finger dies as well. Applying this in practice this concept will lead to the point where the Dutch will sacrifice their honesty, coziness, easy going nature, and even the so called tolerance which started the entire thing. They will, simply put, sacrifice their culture to protect the Islamic culture. Which seems even more illogical because that culture is already well protected in the nations the Muslims came from. Protecting them in the Netherlands would be comparable to feeding every single one of the extinction-threatened ice bears of the north pole to the endangered tigers of India.

8 – THE CONTEMPORARY FUTURE

I came, since I started to understand the Dutch, to the conclusion that only the Netherlands, if it had protected itself, would have reached such a high level of development that it would have closed the prisons and left punishment to the conscience; walking naked through the streets would be normal, shops would be equipped with self service counters, the police as good as disbanded, pollution brought back to a minimum, production labor merely handwork, and the population shrunk to one million people, all of them living in a bungalow. Could that have been possible? It seems too late to wonder. In a certain way it is wrong and even dangerous to make predictions about a nation, because nobody knows what would have happened in reality, and sometimes there's a turn for the better. On the other hand, had I written a book in 1642 warning the people not to cut down their forests or pollute the air, I'd spend the rest of my life borrowing Galileo's quills, and had I warned twenty years ago that Muslims in the Netherlands would revolt against a writer, then at best I would have made the first part of the Tommy Cooper show. You don't have to be a rocket scientist to calculate that 2x2 leads to 4 and 4x4 leads to 16 and, 16x16 leads to 256, so it becomes obvious where things will go with the Dutch.

Neither is it a wonder that the Dutch reason that they must accept an existing 2, but not a threatening 4, to once the 4 is there accept that 4, but not a 16, etcetera. But due to the appearance of articles like that of the Turk Ibrahim Gormez: (Source: De Telegraaf March 31, 1990) 'We ruined it here for ourselves', the title speaking for itself, it seems safe to assume that the 2 will never lead to 256. Safe - maybe. Right - maybe not. Just the appearance of such an article over a full color page proves that words like that from the mouth of a Turk are rare. Besides, I wouldn't know if another six other Turks in the Netherlands would agree with him. On top of that it's in my opinion the sad reality, just like the world population explosion which in a not too distant future will result in a world population of 20 billion people, the presence of Muslims in the Netherlands, unless drastic measures are taken, will show to be an undismantleable time bomb. As a matter of fact, why are we talking about a prediction: the future is already here. The Netherlands is no longer the safe nation of the past, where a girl could walk alone through the park at night, where front doors were opened or could be opened by pulling a piece of rope through the letter-box, where people could walk through their own neighborhood without knowing what fear or danger was. The 2 flew past the 16 already. Incidents unthinkable thirty years ago now take place regularly.

• Impossible yesterday - normal today

Stores closed or windows were broken in, nobody dared placing The Satanic Verses in the show-window. Not a single human dared reading the book in the tram or be seen with it on the street. And while the big mouths of van Kooten and de Bie were suddenly too small to let a joke about the whole thing pass, the Bijenkorf mega store fled with her tail between her legs leaving behind her principles in the process. In a city like Amsterdam there are already organized gangs of Moroccan children who walk the streets at night, fight, start small riots, and disturb the already scarce quiet, while some city districts, where the Dutch can no longer do what they want, can't dress the way they like, can't say what they please, and more and more have been placed under a kind of house arrest, without a trace of the old coziness, can already be considered as lost territory.

Furthermore in all the big cities there are dozens of Surinamers and Arabians selling "Psst, hash, coke, trips", sometimes by force, if they aren't too busy with the physical harassment of the elderly and girls, who walk faster with long faces and scared eyes, unaware of the visibility of their own emotions. Other Dutchmen, who live in the pigsty that Muslims turn apartment buildings into, move one by one. Who doesn't and dares going outside carries a knife for self-defense. The Dutch, and I mean those who aren't six feet under ground already, have all in all turned into a frightened people, afraid to make jokes about Muslims, to offend them, fool them, and criticize

or correct them. Added to that is that the presence of the Muslims can be felt every single day. When you pass them they look at you daringly, if you're calling in a phone booth they bounce on the door. If you say "get lost," you get a steam course in sign language; if you respond in equal fashion lesson two follows, with a shiny blade; call them, and they'll never say their name first; if you do business with them they'll try to screw you over and have a thousand demands; are you driving through Rotterdam at night, you'll only see Muslims wandering about; going to the carnival in Amsterdam or to the Dam on new years eve, then you'll only find a few Dutchmen among them; argue with them, and instantly all their friends and family members will be your enemies for the years to come; respond to their advertisement, and soon you'll be working in a 2 by 1.5 feet box in the Mandenmaker alley near the Damrak; take a shower in a public bathing house, and the owner will ask you not to shit in the drain.

And if the mess in the cities wasn't enough, the constitution has to submit as well. The Muslims take their daughters out of school years before the legal age to protect their teenage virginity, beat up their thankful women, who pass on the message to their children, use their women as imprisoned servants, if slaves isn't a better word, and couldn't care less about laws regarding child abuse and equal rights for women. Meanwhile the criminality, as is known, increased enormously, so that the Netherlands concerning theft, violence, and break-ins finally took over the much desired first place of Europe: in 1989 26.8% of the Dutch population became a victim. However, if we analyze the CBS numbers we come to the conclusion that relative to the entire population between 6 and 13 times more crimes are committed by non-Dutch than by the Dutch. But they turn, despite all their honesty, their eyes the other way. They'd rather end up suffocating from their nervous whistling, than admit who is responsible for the drastic increase of criminality and how irritated and short fused it made them. Another crime is the endless discussion about unemployment in the Netherlands, where a 100,000 schooled metal, catering, confection, and cleaning workers sit at home on the couch scratching their grey heads, while according to the labor inspection an equal sized amount of illegal immigrants have a job in the same field (source: teletext news of June 28, 1990)

• Rats in the corner

Each year there are more Dutchmen - according to the statistics already 100,000 - who are full of frustration about their life, and maybe another couple of million who aren't happy with the way things go. A hundred thousand Dutchmen who live as normal, peaceful people, in their own peaceful country and went their own peaceful way until they were flooded by a sea of Muslims, and suddenly they no longer were normal people, but

racists. Those Dutchmen have basically been driven into a corner by the Muslims where they now are accused of being against the Muslims, while in the name of a questionable philosophy a couple of hundred thousand Muslims are made happy at the cost of the happiness of a couple of million Dutchmen. That was some real clever thinking guy.

The subject of racism is still chained with unbreakable shackles to a name I'd rather not have named. "What a pity", the Dutch sigh, "Janmaat is back in the lower house." They go out of their way to avoid reality that it's a conviction that returned instead of just a man. The question isn't if Janmaat is an Einstein or a chicken without a head, alive or dead, but what someone must have been through before he sees no option left but to vote on that man - multiplied with the feeling of guilt, forced upon him by the rest of the nation, with which they have to live. And the more Dutchmen who vote on ultra-right parties, the stronger the proof that the nation suffers. Or maybe people call an information number and ask "Good morning, this is Harry, I'm a bastard, who should I put my vote on this time?" It remains somewhat awkward that the left wing parties created the circumstances that allowed the right wing parties to form.

Besides, it's unfair and cruel that the majority of the 'good' Dutchmen sit leaned back, together in their neat little towns, unaware of what is going on in the big cities, where the population functions as the head of the try-your-strength machine. I hope for those green Dutchmen that they never discover what they have on their conscience. By the way, I sometimes wondered, in the assumption that I must be wrong, if some of the 'greener' people in charge, somewhere deep in a dark corner of their mind, hold a grudge against the Dutch, a personal frustration, jealousy, so it gives a kick to pour all that misery over a nation. But don't you agree that it's sort of ironic? I come from a country with the intention to use you, I abuse you, I shock you, take your job, and you see me driving by through the blurred bus window in an expensive car you paid for.

You try to control yourself, but when you've totally had it and open your mouth, who is the one in trouble? You yourselves. I'm sorry, Dutchies, but you've been screwed. Don't worry, just continue with your polonaise, your carnival, and zap to a commercial channel. But the next time you tire of your welfare check, climb down the ladder of your damp garret and take an unsafe train to The Hague to protest against the steady deterioration of social securities you enjoy with a fellow 1.5 million countrymen, or the next time you read in the paper about a stabbing, or become the victim yourself, realize that you asked for it.

• And how

This is what Santa Claus will bring for the Sleeping Beauty:

- Homosexuals will be afraid to reveal their sexuality.
- Nudity and other violations of Islam will no longer be allowed on TV or in public.
- Criminality will increase further.
- The Dutch will inherit criminal behavior.
- Crimes will be punished more severely.
- There will come new national laws the Muslims desire.
- The value of an eyewitness report will decrease in court.
- The amount of depressed people and suicides will increase.
- Corruption will take on epidemic proportions.
- The use of alcohol in public will be forbidden.
- The Dutch will become irritated and short fused.
- The innocent look in the eyes of the Dutch will vanish.
- The Dutch workers will be pushed out of their jobs.
- Several groups of Muslims will get into conflicts.
- The honesty and mutual trust among the Dutch will vanish.
- The coziness, sense of humor, and urge to freedom of the Dutch will disappear.

Some of the above predictions might not be obvious right away. So let's go into detail about a couple of them as an example of how changes take place.

Crimes will be punished more severely: the mild punishing climate in the Netherlands is sufficient for the soft Dutch people. The two balance each other out perfectly. However, the mild punishments combined with the luxurious prisons would seem like some sort of social welfare in third world nations and attract millions of inmates each month. As criminality continues to rise in the Netherlands, it will be necessary to take harsher measures, and against the Dutch as well. An indirect blow from the left, and it will hit the Dutch honesty, trust, peacefulness, social security, job atmosphere, and a big list of other facets just as hard.

The Dutch workers will be pushed out of their jobs: The labor conditions in the Netherlands are unique. The Dutch worker is used to working in a relaxed manner, in a friendly environment, where the relationship with colleagues, eye contact, and the atmosphere is much more important than money. Next it's amazing how natural and unofficial, and how unfanatic and how un-Japanese the Dutch act at their jobs. The Muslim worker is (pretty much just like the American, English, and about every other worker) obsessed with money. He will, through a much more energetic, enthusiastic character, try much harder to earn more money, think up mean tricks, barter, lie, cheat, and whatever else it takes to get higher up. What the consequences of this will be doesn't require much argumentation.

The coziness, sense of humor, and freedom urge of the Dutch will disappear: "Are you Dutch? Are you sure? How were you raised? What way do you think? Do you get aggressive if I accidentally spill coffee on your clothes?" These questions we do not ask, because our brains already know the answer - if they are Dutch. And the same goes for going for a walk, participate in traffic, sitting in a train, entering a store, etcetera. The subconscious contact and the almost always fulfilled expectations among the Dutch causes that they are participating in something unique, a sense called coziness, and people from other parts of the world do not recognize it, and hence can't share. They don't even have a name for it, with 'cozy' being a poor translation of the Dutch word. The cozy expectation pattern is strongly related to humor and freedom.

It only takes the slightest glitch in the spontaneity of a joke, a gesture, or a cry out, and someone could get annoyed and plop, there goes the soap bubble. And you can give all sort of rights regarding freedom to the people and try to convince them through the TV, hammering on the fact that we live in a free nation - it's pointless if the people are afraid to stand up for their rights, or like in Toronto, simply do not feel free. You smile at the wife of a Turk and wham, you just got a punch. "Hey, we're in the Netherlands, man", you remind him. Wham, another punch. "Hey, stop that, it's against article 42." Bang, now it's an uppercut. "Hey now, this really should stop." Boing, a kick for a change. "We've got freedom of speech here, you do know that right?" Baff, a karate-punch to finish the job. You bend over, gather your teeth from the street, and speed toward The Hague where after some persistence you can meet with Lubbers, the prime minister. You roll your teeth over his desk. A coronet sparkles.

Lubbers: "Listen to me, good man, our law still guarantees freedom of speech, so I don't have the slightest idea what you are complaining about." By the way, it looks like, or at least for the Dutch that they're sliding down to a life where concepts, ideas, and visions are more important than reality. After sweating like a pig for an entire day they need the confirmation of the television that it really was 28 degrees before they can say, "Damn, what a hot day it was." They walk past a painting being sold next to a steaming dog turd without giving it a second glance, while their eyes are almost falling out of their sockets at a glamorous exposition, standing before the exact same painting. They prefer to use the camera above their own eyes. They are afraid to call arranged marriages or head banging sikhs stupid when they're protected by the word culture. They need to be told how to feel and what to think. Coffee tastes good, flowers are pretty, and with the Netherlands everything goes all right. Perhaps the life of a robot is far easier.

• Russian roulette

The bizarre part of the whole thing is the question why it was necessary, no matter the price, to take the risk of having the Netherlands get hit by a massive immigration wave of Muslims. Of course there are situations in life where risks need to be taken, but only when there's no other option. After all, if the Sicilians hadn't been allowed into the United states, the mob wouldn't have terrorized the nation for years, and Kennedy would have lived long enough to turn America into a better place. If the Muslims hadn't been allowed into England they couldn't have burned shops in London or attacked English principles, nor would they have been able to steal detonation mechanisms for nuclear weapons or export giant cannon barrels, which left the country as disguised as the exporters themselves entered it.

This doesn't make the Chinese less notable, who smuggle tons of heroin into the Netherlands each year, have their own mob, complete with blackmail, prostitution, extortion, etc. The second question is why in the Netherlands the situation had to be created where racial hatred could prosper. For example, it's well possible that two people who don't fit together but are forced to for the sake of the children will end up hating each other. Racial hatred between Japanese and Mexicans is hard to imagine. And Morocco and Turkey don't struggle with the problem of 5 million Dutchmen, and their newspapers aren't full of articles in which a situation is attacked and defended. Nuclear missiles are dangerous. No matter how severe the precautions and no matter what arguments, as long as our planet is loaded with missiles the danger will be there.

The same way, despite all arguments, the same risk of a collision between Muslims and the Dutch persists. In such a way that the Dutch are forced into the relationship of the same kind as that of a match and a gas cloud: The little match in the kitchen, where it belongs, is blamed for a possible explosion, even if it was the gas that shouldn't have been there. After all, if we look at all the Iranians, Pakistanis, Liberians, Saudis, Iraqis, Turks, Moroccans, etc, who live in the Netherlands, and how much freedom they have, and if we look at how many Dutchmen live in their country, and how many restrictions to their freedom they have, and finally what circumstances, communication methods, information channels, terrorists, spies, and secret agents are needed to let that situation function properly, we should be able to imagine who is facing the wrong end of this numerical inequality.

9 – THE COURSE OF THE DOWNFALL

It starts with challenging nature's laws as two fundamentally different worlds are brought together in a miniscule point to carry out an experiment. At one

side the soft Dutchmen, drowning in a sea of conscience and guilt, and on the other side the hard Muslims, medieval robbers. A people that in their own Trojan bodies not only carry their culture, but also the corruption, bloodshed, desperation, misery, and disaster, currently seemingly harmless like the mustard gas bombs that lie on the ocean floor. The situations may remind some of the one on Pearl Harbor the day the Japanese said: "Surprise!"

The behavior of the Muslims currently hasn't fully deployed yet, and can be compared to the one of the boy who is new at a club. It takes a while before the ice is broken and he starts to move more at ease, until at last his true nature becomes visible. In the same way most Muslims in the Netherlands are self-conscious and afraid to openly challenge the Dutch. But as time progresses and they continue to claim victories like having their own schools, universities, mosques, hospitals, beaches, swimming pools, sport centers and whatever else they can think of, they'll steadily become less shy and more self assured. The Muslims will stamp the Koran into the head of their children through the ears, a brainwashing behind closed doors and curtains, so they will start to hate the Dutch and see them as their enemies. For this purpose they've been granted their own schools, where they can fabricate Muslim-bombs without any disturbance.

And then there's that other industry, which supplies Islam in an unstoppable pace of much more disciples than the Dutch mothers can keep up with. Because of this difference (as well as importing brides and grooms from the home country in 75% of the marriages) the Muslim population will surpass the Dutch one eventually. Like Alhaaj Firdous, in the Panorama of march 1989, said already: "...The Dutch no longer make children, and we do. In fifty years the Netherlands is an Islamic nation." In a certain stage there will be more incidents like the affair with Rushdie, and the Muslims will reconsider their right to be offended by the libertarian, sinful way of life of the Dutch, a way of life that they consider to go straight against their Islamic way of life. They will state that a Muslim woman can't walk through a street with sex shops, dog turds, girls with short skirts, or that the sight of that is a violation of their Ramadan. The government, who'll at that moment be more concerned with the oil price and the course of the dollar, besides finding it more important that the Dutchmen with a ton on their bank account can hang in front of the TV, than that they can walk the street as free citizens, will go for a compromise to avoid complications, and come up with an emergency law that forbids the display of pornography in shopping windows and the walking of dogs, but not quite yet the wearing of short skirts during the Ramadan.

A handful of Dutchmen, cursed with a greater respect for their own existence and a stronger will to survive, will object to the changes that are taking place and protest, to be directly oppressed by the majority, turned into

outcasts, and branded as racists. The Muslims will count on the guaranteed reaction of the Dutch, by making optimal use of it, and strike the Dutch like leprosy and take away their hand finger by finger. After the passing of the century, somewhere around 2010, the bombs will be done ticking and ready for the big bang. But on the other side underground movements and gangs will have been created because of the repressive and frustrating situation. During this stage most Dutchmen will realize what a grievous mistake it was to be friendly to the wrong persons.

But since the international image and the public decency still have the highest priority, the Dutch will continue to ignore their problems, or wipe them under the carpet, lacking the guts to face them. Instead they'll keep the dialogue going, in the hope to still convert the Muslims, and one will blame the other for not trying hard enough, or for not accepting the Muslims enough. And too busy unpacking their mental baggage in search of the last possible justification, they won't see the smile on the faces of the Muslims who watch the overly diligent oddballs. While all this is taking place in the Netherlands, the Muslim leaders elsewhere, who kept themselves informed of the developments, concentrate on plans for the long term.

And whether a country like Iran at that moment only partially helps with the revolt will hardly be of importance to the Muslims. Strengthened by their higher positions in politics and the national bureaucracy, which they didn't have before, and supported by their allies in Belgium, Germany, England, and France, the Muslims shall create a network of mutual loyalty, and undermine the entire social system. Once that's over and done with, the Muslims will realize that they no longer have to maintain nor tolerate the oppression and suffocation of their hollow love affair with the Dutch. In the year 2020 the first stage of the downfall will be completed. The Dutch anthropological culture will be lost. From then onward, year after year, the Dutch will have to, like a body without a soul, live on in grief and regret the loss of what was built up over the centuries, and of a clock that wouldn't turn back if it could. Many years and many tears later the situation will only have worsened. Till the day the great incident happens. An incident where two rivaling foundations of two rivaling cultures make a frontal collision. Then the Muslims will hit back with all they have for the first time. Men, women, and children will go out on the street as one man, and not like recently against Rushdie, but a hundred times amplified and with a hundred times that rage.

And though the Dutch will fight for their norms and values, the Muslims will not only surprise them once again with their barbaric methods, they will punch straight through their soft and decent defense. When a pack of wolves attacks a herd of sheep the outcome is known beforehand. By now it should be obvious what the Koran means with: "When you meet the unbelievers in jihad, chop off their heads. And when you have brought them low, bind your

prisoners rigorously." (Sura 47, 4) And not until that moment will the Dutch at last admit that they, by letting the Muslims into the Netherlands, planted the disasters of strange countries inside their own territory. So now, as never before, they will all vote on a party who aims for a 'definitive solution' of the problem. But since they no longer form the large majority, since the Muslims will vote on their own Muslim party of which the well-camouflaged prototype already exists, this will not accomplish anything.

Afterwards the Muslims will steadily continue to overmaster and dominate the Dutch, who will have no choice but to participate in a game of tug of war where they will steadily lose ground. The Dutch on their own side won't know of a solution nor be capable of carrying out a possible solution. And revenge isn't their style. The Muslims, who will know all this, shall start to make the nation obey their will and more or less gain control. And with the help of supply lines from their own countries or through private immigration centers they will allow for a continuous flow of immigrants who will establish themselves in the Netherlands, and indirectly force the Dutch out. By 2050 there will be no Netherlands left, or at least, nothing worth calling it that. The second stage of the downfall is then completed.

• The final remedy

It is 2050 by now. The European Union gave up on the unification and closed her borders again. Scandinavia cancelled her relationships with the Netherlands, while the United States is angry at the Dutch government for housing the Islamic rampart, which in turn threatens American citizens in Europe. Many Dutchmen have found refuge in the surrounding nations and of the Dutchmen left behind the women dress as Muslim women to avoid trouble. The jihad has started. The queen and most of the ministers are still in the Netherlands, but the party of the Muslims has a strong position in the cabinet. Iran and Libya have direct influence through their European headquarter in Rotterdam and their secret army, the 'Islamic Execution Squad'.

Dutch and Islamic gangs fight it out in the streets and the population has taken the right in their own hand, since the police are afraid to take action. The nation is frozen by fear. The queen calls for the remaining truly Dutch ministers to come together for a secret meeting. Nobody is allowed in our out of the royal palace. It's expected the congress will last a week. They will eat and sleep in the palace, guarded by the armed forces. After five days the congress is over and the following is concluded: The provinces Groningen, Friesland, Drenthe, Overijssel, Gelderland, and Limburg will be declared as 'New-Netherland'. Utrecht, Noord-Holland, Zuid-Holland, Brabant, and Zeeland will from now on be 'Old-Netherland'. All Muslims are to be deported from New-Netherland to Old-Netherland.

Borderposts making the former Berlin wall look like wire-netting are built like roads between both countries. New passports are handed over to all the real Dutch people, who only get one chance to choose between the two countries. Regardless of how bizarre and unreal it may seem, or maybe even is, still it happens. Countries split regularly. And while it's hard to imagine at first, the cause is always the difference between two cultures. But the longer it takes to realize this reality, the bigger the chance of a civil war. Though mostly it doesn't get that far. Sometimes a people, like the North American Indians, and the Australian aborigines, are walshed flat, such a people goes extinct, with a few remaining behind to become attractions for tourists with Canons and Fujis.

• End bad, all bad

About a year ago a girl from Limburg decided to go on a vacation to Amsterdam. She heard nice stories about this big city, but wasn't aware of the dangers. So she walked nearby the Zeedijk into the wrong street and was raped. The same day she returned home, with her trust in pieces and her eyes wide open for the rest of her life. Some wounds heal and some things cannot be undone, but all the guilt and tears shed at the Anne Frank House cannot bring six billion corpses back to life. With which we are back at a people that isn't that much bigger than those six million.

There they stand, the Dutch with their completely justified and without doubt noble striving to dissociate themselves as far away as possible from Hitler's ideology. Completely blind to the fact that their path circles back to the other end at the jews (with all due respect). The poor devils continue to misunderstand that a choice isn't necessarily between the Nazis or the Jews, predator or prey, oppressor or victim, but that there is an alternative, a third road, which is save yourself and guarantee the continuance of your own culture and your own country. It's simply this one, tiny misunderstanding, that will make the Dutch go down in history as the people who thought so deeply about a nightmare from the past that they ended up becoming that nightmare.

Mohamed Rasoel, 1990

• *Banning speech – Banning prophesy*

Snouck, 2006/04/11

Fjordman the blogger from Norway wrote a piece exposing the fellowtravellers of Islam called: "I am a terrorist groupie, hear me roar" The title says it all. Go and read it anyway. That is an order!
Where was I? Where are my pills?

O yes. Fjordman. Let's lift a part out of the article that deals with the heroic work of people who opposed Multiculturalism in the beginning, the Genesis of the resistance against the suicidal Left. The first blossoming of the force of Life in the great rotting corps, the fallen tree of Christendom. Seedlings like "Carl I. Hagen, Pia Kjærsgaard of the Danish People's Party, Pim Fortuyn, Theo van Gogh and Geert Wilders".

1 - The seedlings of a new Europe

These seedlings were set upon by the Ravens of the Left. Any opposition against Multiculturalism, the great ideology of the Left met with hysterical opposition, public trials by the press and the intelligentsia, hell bent on taking us all with them into the end of history. The end of our history.

One of the oddest seedlings flowered in The Netherlands in 1990. A man called Mohamed Rasul wrote a book called: "De ondergang van Nederlands - Het land van de naïëve dwazen" or "The coming downfall of the Netherlands - The nation of gullible fools".

2 - Gullible Fools - Harsh but Fair

The author, a Pakistani called Mohammed Rasoel or Mohamed Rasul wrote a short book on the threat of Islam, the threat of importing millions of Muslims into a nation and a culture that had gone too soft to defend itself. The book was published in 1990, or in 1987. But it had not been translated from English yet, although the author originally put it together in bad English and had it translated by René Kurpershoek into Dutch, who perhaps had a significant contribution in its final composition. Later it was translated into English again. The real name of the Prophet Mohammed - for that is what nom de plume Mohammed Rasul means - was Zoka F.

3 - Counter Qoran

It was Rasul's intention to write a counter Qoran - his own Satanic Verses. He began writing about growing up in a Muslim family in Pakistan, growing up to be a Pakistani, travelling to Europe and arriving in the best and most gullible nation after Scandinavia: The Netherlands.

He sees the Netherlander through the eyes of an outsider and shows their great points: easygoing, self-critical, calm and ready to excuse any fault in a foreigner in order to exell at the highest virtue of Dutch society in the 70ies and 80ies. Tolerance and understanding of the Holy Other. To be not Nazis. To be anti-Nazis. To be members of the post-war resistance.

Rasul prophesies: by taking the negative of Nazism as a blueprint of society, the gullible Dutch will eventually end up at the same station as the Jews. He makes more prophesies, some quite obvious to many observers for instance to me at the same time, a teenager growing up in The Netherlands, others quite perceptive due to the islamic insider perspective:

- there will be more crime, fuelled by moslim crime;
- the Dutch will become more criminal too;
- the Dutch will become cynical and untrusting, less gullible;
- the value of a witnesses in courtcases will diminish, because Muslims lie and deceive;
- Dutchmen will lose the "look of innocence in their eyes";
- Dutchmen will become irritable and aggressive;
- corruption will become epidemic;
- Islamic groups will impose parts of Sharia on Dutch law;
- different Muslim groups will clash with each other and not just with the Dutch;
- the cosiness, the sense of humour, the sense for freedom of the Netherlanders will dissapear.

And others. And all this to no gain as Rasul points out. Because there is no gain in replacing a native population; and the immigrant population will not adopt the laws of the host because those laws are weaker and less dominant than the laws of Islam. Laws travel with populations. Rasul points out there would have been no Mafia in the USA if they had kept the Italians out. And lots of Americans would have been better off that way.

Again: the Dutch are so scared of treating other like the Nazis treated Jews that they will be like the Jews themselves. Meanwhile, in 2006 all those Muslim fruits have come to fruition.

In the middle of the book Rasul describes the phenomenon of Political Correctness, which was still nameless in 1990. He shows how anyone

critisizing Islam will be ostracized from civilized society, will be sued, and found guilty by a Dutch Judge of "Discrimination". This is the same that the illustrious Fjordman says in "terrorist groupie".

Only Rasul said it in 1990. Or even in 1987. A few years after the communist Marcus Bakker managed to get article 1 of the Dutch Constitution amended in a way inspired by the Soviet Communism.

4 - The Gem: the proof of Rasul´s allegation

Rasul was proofed right. He was attacked by Dutch journalists and academics for his stance on Islam and Muslims. He appeared in talk shows in disguise.

Koenraad Elst, of Brussels Journal writes:

"***The Dutch press frantically tried to uncover his real identity; a television talk show host tried to grab his passport and pull off the shawl with which he covered his face; a Muslim politician was ostensibly willing to talk to him, only to pass his teacup onto the police for the fingerprints.***"

The Anne Frank Foundation, whose director was the high priest keeping the mysteries of the cult of Anne Frank, guardian of the taboo of the Holocaust, he sued Rasul in 1992. Rasul was convicted of "discriminating Muslims" of making "sweeping statements against Muslims".

Rasul´s commentary:

"***It proves that the general thrust of my book is correct, that Dutch society is changing and becoming less tolerant. Freedom of opinion is already being sacrificed. I don't blame this state attorney, he is a nice man but rather dumb and naïve like most Dutchmen. . . . Muslims are allowed to shout: kill Rushdie. . . . When Muslims say on TV that all Dutch women are whores, it is allowed. . . . It is ridiculous and scandalous that I have to justify myself in court for discrimination of Muslims.***"

5 - The Aftermath: the 90ies

The story did not end there. For a while leftist intellectuals such as Teun A. van Dijk started a witchhunt against Dutch writers who were accused of having actually written "the impending downfall of the Netherlands". As a proof Teun van Dijk wrote "analyses" of the writing style of, for instance Gerrit Komrij. The witchhunt had an intimidating effect on discussion of the growing Muslim presence in the 90ies. Komrij has a sharp pen and defended himself ably against the mediocre Van Dijk.

Perhaps he was chosen to be attacked because he had scathingly attacked Multiculturalism. He became the "national poet" in 2000 (I think). On 7 May 2002, the morning after the assassination of Fortuyn he wrote a searing poem on the *klammheimlicher* joy of the established politicians entitled: "The Established Politician" (Dutch).

The poem appeared in the NRC Handelsblad, the newspaper for the "intellectual". On six o'clock in the evening on May the sixth on the moment that Pim Fortuyn´s body hit the pavement, killed by 6 bullets, the NRC Handelsblad hit the doormat in thousands of Dutch homes. The editorial written by Folkert Jensma, WARNED the Dutch voters against Fortuyn: **"sixty years after the war it may be a Prime Minister Fortuyn with a wreath at the national monument, a man who thinks Islam is "backward" and people from Turkey and Morocco do not belong in "modernity"? (...) It is the pride of The Netherlands that we do not prefer one culture over another culture. That people are treated equally in an open society. That we keep far from racists and xenophobes. It is a DISGRACE that we have to remind a politician in our midst of those matters sixty years after the war".**

Editor Folkert Jensma made all the effort to create a piece the Völkischer Beobachter or Pravda would have been proud of. Not that it is anything special. Our elite are decadent and have turned their backs on us. Their inability to formulate societal goals and their hatred of those who do try to bring our Civilisation back to life are proofs of that decadence. The utterances of pundits and politicians had become more and more rabid as the number of people who said they supported Fortuyn went up and up. A hatewave went through the country.

Getting back to Rasul and Fjordman: Fjordman selects a quote about European Civilisation "that Europe has made repentance for old sins, perceived or real, the central point of its identity, and something close to an obsession."

It is either the Crusades, or Colonization, the Holocaust or the Moral Equivalency canard. It does not matter what it is. Europeans are not permitted to think that their nations should be perpetuated.

Europeans are not permitted to think that the effort of survival can be worthwhile. Basking in "unearned guilt" is the way to go.

It is the easy way to a position of individual moral superiority. The difficult path is the path of a shared destiny as Westerners, a morality of individual sacrifices on behalf of a collective, like family, people, nation and religion.

That is just too much EFFORT.

Lux Libertas and Lies

Publisher Papieren Tijger (Paper Tiger), 2002/05/10

The moral and journalistic decay of the NRC (Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant) national daily

On 6th May 2002 Folkert Jensma, editor-in-chief of the Dutch national daily *NRC Handelsblad*, wrote his infamous 'demonisation commentary'. A politician of – in principle – exemplary behaviour and who was on the point of winning the elections, was expressly drawn into the atmosphere of racism, hatred of foreigners and Nazi Germany.

The 'quality' newspaper *NRC Handelsblad* thus went far beyond the domain of journalism and trod the path of the active and conscious influencing of the political and democratic processes. On the same day Pim Fortuyn was murdered.

If Jensma had resigned at that moment and had accepted partial responsibility for this tragedy, things could have come right with the *NRC Handelsblad*. But exactly the opposite happened: the newspaper and Jensma defended themselves by trampling over their own readers. This led to the most serious assaults on journalistic integrity ever seen in this country and was the direct reason for the writing of this book.

Folkert Jensma lives in a fantasy world created by himself. It has to be so, for that is the only way he can deal with the lies and disinformation spread by his newspaper. After an 18-month analysis of the NRC Handelsblad it would seem that this publication is not a quality newspaper but a vehicle in the hands of established interests and a playground for the vanity of editors. The book reveals, among other things, a 'fiction affair' much greater than that seen in the *New York Times*, the manipulation of a poll, the hiring of a 'newspaper critic' who deceives the readers fully aware of what he is doing and the newspaper's propaganda journalism in favour of the Ministry of Justice.

The return of Mohammed Rasul?

AFTER 15 YEARS AGAIN A "MOHAMMED RASUL BOOK"

ABOUT THE TRAGEDY OF THE FAILURE TO INTEGRATE THE ISLAMIC PEOPLE (November 24, 2004)

In 1990 there was a gigantic hype surrounding the book purported to have been written by 'Mohammed Rasul'. The book, entitled "De Ondergang van Nederland" (The Fall of the Netherlands) warns the 'naive Dutch' against having too tolerant an attitude towards Islamic immigrants. If our country goes on cuddling them to death, so says the 'prophecy of Rasul' spoken in 1990, the Muslims will take over complete power here and finally chase the Dutch out of their own country. On its publication, this prophetic book, that appears to be becoming the literal truth, was condemned by the politically correct media via a 'fatwah' of hitherto unknown proportions. The message was not allowed to be heard. The only thing that occupied the media's interest was a witch-hunt for the author (who was alleged – among others – to have been John Jansen van Galen, Martin van Amerongen and Gerrit Komrij) so that he could be beheaded on the guillotine of public rejection as a heretic. The 'true author', however, has never been revealed and the man (Rasul) who said he was the author has gone up in smoke. Now, however, a new 'Rasul book' is lying ready with a more explosive content – if that is possible – and that can be seen as continuation of "The Fall of the Netherlands". The book is to be entitled 'Beste Sadik' (Dear Sadik) (ISBN 90-8548-031-0, 185 pages, € 12.50)

'Beste Sadik...'

Suppose the letter printed below were to arrive on your doormat. What would you do? It turns out that between August 2003 and June 2004 the letter was sent in a variety of versions to publishers, national and local leaders, thinkers, writers and politicians in the Netherlands and Flanders.

The answers are published in "Beste Sadik". Almost without exception they are kind and positive: "…Your Dutch is so good already…",

"…What a good idea to be writing a book…", "Carry on! Most writers have difficulty getting their first book published…"

The Dutch author/researcher Willem Jansen, who pretended to be the Moroccan writer Sadik Khamsa, wrestled for a long time with the question of whether he could publicise the answers. Recent developments in Dutch society and in politics finally decided him. Here is the letter referred to:

I greet you,

Let me start by saying that I want to become a writer, not in Arabic but in Dutch, because I consider it a beautiful language that gave me much consolation when I arrived here as a twelve-year-old child. I knew it then after my first children's books: to become a writer was what I wanted. And I have done it, but I cannot earn enough from it, so I have an extra job, on the production line in a biscuit factory. But now I know that the biscuits and the letters do not go well together. I have long had a full book ready, but it doesn't leave my door, it keeps coming back, publishers do not want it. If I had time I could make it better but I am too tired. I can really write well, it is the only thing I can do. It is not a happy book, but is of necessity about a failed integrator who cannot keep up with things in Holland and goes underground, where hatred grows and an army of other failures, who want to take revenge because their future has been destroyed by the whites. There is a Riot and Allah joins in. It is epic, a fight between the local population and strange people given shape in fantastic dialogues but also in violence. Failure to understand and disdain are given ever more room in the hero's mind, or cowards so the others will think, a foreigner full of good intentions who had decided to integrate, to take part in the life of the Netherlands. He dreamed of a new, beautiful future, like everyone does,

nothing special, but he can't manage it. Slowly he becomes dispirited and his optimism disappears. After innumerable failed interactions with whites, he descends into the underworld full of rejected companions in misfortune with whom he finds he can agree. The last little remains of sympathy for the ruling class are beaten out of him there. Hardened and without a conscience he wanders around in a chaos looking for victims, the pigs, the infidels, the whores, as if they were vermin. In the name of Allah, because He wills it, that is the motive, the excuse, it is good because He wills it. Is he a bad man? Does he need to get back on the right track? What is that? There is nobody to force him, to move him, and he has long stopped struggling with it. He recruits other failed integrators, it has to get bigger. He wants an underground army, a monster with tentacles in the sewers, that strikes unexpectedly but hard and it then disappears again. Something he serves, commands. Ever bigger to combat the white dogs. Because they discriminate, spew out, abuse, destroy his dream. And Allah ensures that they win, conquer and drive out the pigs. Here I stop, it is not yet good enough, the spirit of your city is still difficult to get in, but not much more is required. I hope I have your interest, and perhaps I could count on your support in making the book better and maybe too in having it published. Perhaps you could help me on my way in some other manner.

Up till now the publishers have refused it. Perhaps the subject is too wrong.

Now I will leave you in peace. Please think about it.

If I hear nothing, that is as Allah has wished it.

Sadik Khamsa

•Free Speech in the Netherlands

January 18, 2006 - Snouck Hurgronje - blog

The Constitution of the Netherlands states in article 7, that all citizens are free to speak their minds in public. This is necessary in a Democracy, because if problems arise they must be debated in public. This way something can be done about issues that trouble citizens. Since Thorbecke gave the Netherlands its constitution in 1848, its citizens have enjoyed free speech and in fact it was also protected under the charters of the 'Seven Provinces' of the Dutch republic, since roughly 1600. This makes The Netherlands the first Western constituancy to have had free speech, which attracted philosophers from all over Europe to the Dutch Republic, were texts were printed freely and afterwards distributed all over Christendom.

After 1968 the Netherlands which had been a stronghold of prudent Conservatism beforehand was taken over by The Left by storm. By the mid 70's they had well entrenched themselves in the institutions such as the bureaucracy, education, media and in fact even in rightwing political parties, such as the Christian parties. Actually, polls after 1972 consistently show that the whole political spectrum had shifted ideologically to the left of the entire population on most matters. The Left never polled more than 40 % of the vote and they only ruled in combination with the Christian Democrats.

Article 1 [Equality] of the Constitution written by Thorbecke in 1848 states: "***All persons in the Netherlands shall be treated equally in equal circumstances***."

> [Allen die zich in Nederland bevinden, worden in gelijke gevallen gelijk behandeld. Discriminatie wegens godsdienst, levensovertuiging, politieke gezindheid, ras, geslacht of op welke grond dan ook, is niet toegestaan.]

This means that if the Government has jobs or hands out money, all citizens should have equal chances to get those benefits, which are paid for by taxes they had to pay. This practise is different from the Third World were jobs and money are handed out to the powerfull and well connected, the protected classes who have privileges.

In 1980 Communist parlementarian Markus Bakker introduced an addendum to Article 1 : "***Discrimination shall not be permitted***."

> **Artikel 1:** Allen die zich in Nederland bevinden, worden in gelijke gevallen gelijk behandeld. Discriminatie wegens godsdienst, levensovertuiging, politieke gezindheid, ras, geslacht of op welke grond dan ook, is niet toegestaan. Het is in de grondwet verankerd dat alle mensen in gelijke omstandigheden op dezelfde manier behandeld moeten worden. **Discriminatie is niet toegestaan.** Dit is een grondrecht. In andere wetten staat aangegeven wat voor maatregelen er genomen kunnen worden als er toch sprake van discriminatie is. Sinds 1994 is bijvoorbeeld de Algemene wet gelijke behandeling van kracht. De Commissie gelijke behandeling ziet erop toe dat deze nageleefd wordt.

Where the original text of article 1 ensured that the State should not give privileges to certain groups the addendum turned article 1 into a sledgehammer of the State to press charges against private (non state) citizens and organisations. With one stroke of the pen businessmen, churches, schools, public places all had their policies of spending, hiring and admission to State scrutiny. Equality for the law is turned into the obligation to have protected classes such as women, homosexuals and immigrants achieve the same occupational and financial positions as white males, the only not - protected class. The punishments for transgression of this law are detailed in the Dutch criminal code: article 137 item d, e, f state that discrimination and discriminatory speech are punishable with up to one to two years in jail.

Pim Fortuyn was thrown out of "Livable Netherlands" by the LN leadership the moment he proposed changing the article because of its muffling effect on the Freedom of Speech.

The inspiration for the addendum by Communist Markus Bakker is Soviet Constitutional law. Article 52 of the 1977 Soviet Constitution states: ***"Citizens of the USSR are guaranteed freedom of conscience, that is the right to profess or not to profess any religion, and to conduct religious worship or atheistic propaganda. Incitement of hostility or hatred on religious grounds is prohibited."*** And article 36 states: ***"Citizens of the USSR of different races and nationalities have equal rights. Exercise of these rights is ensured by a policy of all-round development and drawing together of all the nations and nationalities of the USSR, by educating citizens in the spirit of Soviet patriotism and socialist internationalism, and by the possibility to use their native language and the languages of other peoples in the USSR. Any direct or indirect limitation of the rights of citizens or establishment of direct or indirect privileges on grounds of race or nationality, and any advocacy of racial or national exclusiveness, hostility, or contempt, are punishable by law."***

It is a neat trick: "freedom of concience (art. 52)" is followed by "incitement (…) is prohibited" and "equal rights (art. 36)" are turned into "advocacy (…) punishable by law".

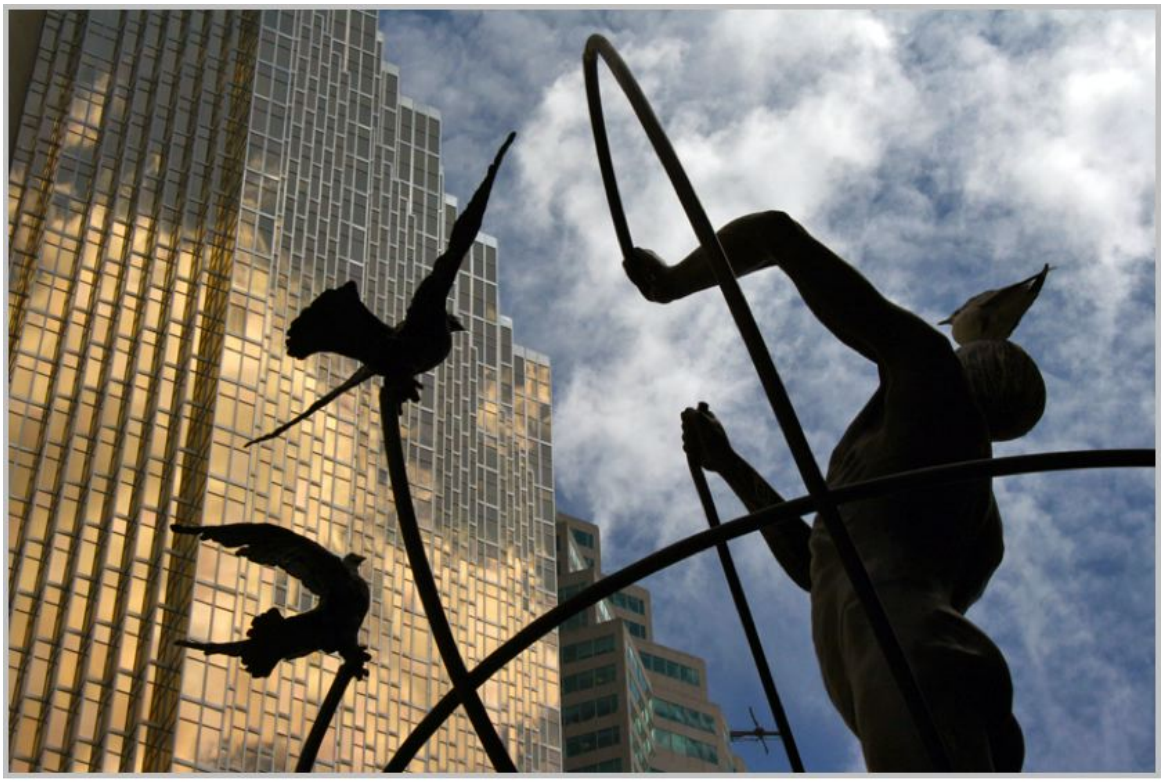
Multiculturalism takes Western ideals such as Equality for the law and twists it so that the State can ursurp Freedom the same way Communism did to achieve a situation were the State and the State bureacracy is in total control of the lives of the citizens.

One would think that after murdering Fortuyn in the name of protecting minorities and assasinating Van Gogh in the name of the honor of the profet of a minority the Dutch elites would stop their totalitarian agenda. But no. Even the nominally right-wing Christian Democrats, who used to be defenders of liberty, have just proposed a new law to make it STILL easier to take away the rights of individuals and groups *"advocating hatred against religions and ethnic groups"*. It is the same as the anti Islamic efforts of Ayaan Hirsi Ali. Citizen's rights are ursurped by the State.

The Soviet-Union collapsed in 1989. The Southern Soviet Republics in Central Asia with Islamic populations had seen their populations grow to the point that Ethnic Russian elites did not want to share the national wealth with them. The American CIA stoked the fire of Islamic rebelliousness up to the point were it had become a major concern for the Communist Politburo in the late 70's. In 1978 the Soviet-Union invaded Afghanistan on its southern border. Ten years later after an American supported war of attrition the Soviets gave up and shortly afterward their Multi-ethnic empire collapsed. At that time Osama bin Laden and the US were allies.

Lies have a short life span. The Truth endures. To some extend only nations should be ethnically and culturally homogenous. It is the just measure between equality and diversity that prevails.

This is what Sir Winston Churchill had to say: "An appeaser is one who keeps feeding the crocodile in the hope it will eat him last."



Monument dedicated to the multiculturalist melting pot - a fallacy.
Work of art by Francesco Perilli (Toronto)

My ideal: that Islam should rule supreme

Ahmet Olgun

From the NRC daily newspaper, 2006/12/29

How a Turkish boy in the Netherlands follows the way of Allah

>>
>> Those fighting terrorism warn of radicalisation of young Turks in the
>> Netherlands. Bilal hopes to die a martyr.
>>
>> He is only just turned 19, but Bilal realises that he looks much older.
>> That's because of my beard, he says. He points to his full black beard.
>> He wants to clear something up beforehand. I'm not radical, I'm single-
>> minded. It annoys him when others call him radical.
>>
>> And there is something else that the physics student wishes to clarify. I
>> didn't become radical out of frustration or anything like that. For that reason
>> nobody could have prevented my radicalisation. This is obviously the way
>> Allah the almighty has chosen for me. This is my fate, I accept it. I was still
>> at secondary school when I started asking myself the big questions. I was
>> fourteen. And while I looked for the truth, Allah showed me the right road.
>>
>> He calls himself Bilal, after one of the first companions of the prophet
>> Mohammed. Abu Bilal was the first caller to prayer, a slave who converted
>> to Islam against the wishes of his master.
>>
>> Bilal comes from an average Turkish family in the Netherlands, the country
>> of his birth. His parents are ordinary Muslims, knowing Islam from hearsay.
>> They can read the Q'ran but they do not understand Arabic. His father
>> seldom goes to pray in the mosque. Bilal did. At first he attended a Milli
>> Görüs mosque. After a time he was able to spell out the Imam's sermon
>> beforehand. Every time it was about how you ought to pray, how you should
>> give zakat (alms). Rules, rules and more rules. Bilal thought: Islam must be
>> more than all these rules. Four years ago he started to get into Islam really
>> deeply. He left the Turkish mosque. I went looking for information on the
>> Internet, Dutch and English sites. I also started to read books and the
>> Q'ran, mostly in Dutch.

>> The truth is simply hidden in the verses. And so I learned that the Imam in
>> the mosque had skipped over whole subjects, such as the Jihad. I also
>> found answers to many of life's questions in the Q'ran. I read in one verse
>> how you should behave as a Muslim, how you should face life. As long as
>> you refuse to go along with Jews and Christians, they will accept you, let
>> you in. If you imitate them in behaviour and clothing, you are one of them.
>> Which is why we Muslim men have to grow our beards, to distinguish us
>> from the hypocrites and infidels. I have let my beard grow since I was
>> fifteen.

>> How did your parents react?
>>
>> At the start, they said nothing about my choosing for Islam. They made no
>> objection until I started to apply Islam more and more in my life, when Islam
>> began to take over my life. They also didn't like the fact that I no longer
>> attended weddings. During Turkish weddings men and women are not
>> separated from one another. My parents forbade me to let my beard grow. I
>> didn't listen to them – of course not. I love my parents and I respect them,
>> but my love for Allah and the prophet is many times greater.

>> Do you dislike the Dutch people and the system here?
>>
>> Working with the Dutch state and the system is unthinkable for me as a
>> Muslim. I see participation in elections as a sin. For a year I had been going
>> to an Arab-Moroccan mosque. But I left that one too because the Imam was
>> preaching that Muslims could take part in elections. He had given in to the
>> pressure on the part of the authorities. He does not wish to be seen as
>> radical, scared that his mosque will be closed down. Weak. I think: if you
>> vote, then you are part of the taghoet, part of the regime that competes with
>> the divine regime.
>>
>> I act normally towards Dutch people. That is: if they leave me alone I cause
>> them no trouble. But if they touch Islam, insult the prophet and Allah, I strike
>> back. I don't know whether I would try to kill Geert Wilders if I were to meet
>> him. I still have to think hard about that. But if a Muslim wanted to kill him, I
>> would not stop him. What Mohammed Bouyeri (Ed: Theo van Gogh's
>> murderer) did was good. He attained his goal by killing Van Gogh. He
>> ensured that there is one enemy of Islam less.

>> Is the armed struggle justified in the Netherlands?
>>
>> At the moment the armed struggle in the Netherlands is not an issue for me.
>> Only a Muslim leader can proclaim Jihad. We no longer have an Islamic

>> leader, a caliph. The post was abolished by Atatürk (Ed: the founder of
>> modern Turkey). But one day, I hope, he will return.

>> And what if he gives the order?
>>
>> Then you can count me in. Definitely. Jihad is an obligation on every Muslim,
>> whether we want it or not. That's in the Q'ran and you can't dispute it.

>> Those fighting terrorism are issuing warnings about radicalisation among young Turks in the Netherlands. Are they right to do so?
>>
>> I see more and more Turkish youth finding the way of Islam. We see dead
>> Muslim children and women on the TV every day. And nobody sticks out a
>> hand towards them. What does the Netherlands do about Israel's violence?
>> Nothing! All politics between friends, and the Muslims are the victims.
>>
>> The youth are still attending the mosques and they hold the young people
>> back. The Imams act as if they were so-called peace-loving. They don't
>> want any trouble with the authorities. And that's why you see the youth
>> leaving the mosques, looking for information on Islam themselves, on the
>> Internet, from each other.
>>
>> Another factor is that there is a steadily growing stream of Q'ran lessons
>> and books in Dutch. It's only now that we've started to understand Islam.
>> Before that it was al in Turkish or Arabic. We didn't understand a lot of what
>> the Imams were saying, what Islam was saying. Now there are all kinds of
>> books in Dutch in the mosques and the bookshops. This means that we
>> understand more about Islam and can apply it more often.

>> Do young Turks constitute a threat to the Netherlands?
>>
>> The Dutch are so involved with radical Moroccans. But they are absolutely
>> no threat to the Netherlands. Moroccans have no idea about warfare, they're
>> all little boys. Turkish Muslims: they know how to fight. We have a lot more
>> experience. There are Turkish Muslims in Germany, France, Belgium and
>> the Netherlands who have fought in Chechnya and Bosnia. They're now
>> aged around forty and have an enormous amount of experience. Heroes.

>> And do you know them?
>>
>> I refuse to say anything on the subject. I don't want and problems with the
>> Dutch security service.

>> What is your ideal? Why are you doing all this?
>>
>> My idea is that Islam should rule. A society must come about with Islamic
>> rules. This is why I want to become a teacher. I am studying physics. Some
>> time the Muslims will no longer be welcome in the West. Islamic countries
>> have oil, but their heads are empty. Knowledge is power. Only with
>> knowledge can we become stronger. At some stage I want to settle in an
>> Islamic country, preferably in Medina. That's where the prophet is buried.
>> And there in Medina I want to pass on my knowledge to other Muslims.
>> There are so many of us that we will be able to spit the Jews and other
>> enemies of Islam to death. If we Muslims can achieve unity, nobody will
>> even think of insulting Islam.

>> Is your aim martyrdom?
>>
>> Martyrdom is the highest goal I can achieve, as it is for any Muslim. It's a
>> dream. In the afterlife the martyrs may dwell close to the Creator, the
>> Almighty. I don't care about the virgins: that's a caricature of paradise.
>> Seeing Allah in paradise would be the greatest reward I could wish for.
>> I hope I die a martyr.
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